Money to Loan

MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT — $10 TO $300

COURTEOUS SERVICE •• STRICT PRIVACY

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New In Boston SAVE ON LOANS

Above $100 up to $300

The Nationally Famous Household Plan offers cash loans of $50 to $300 to husbands and wives at reasonable rates. Loans above $100 and up to $300 are offered at less than the full rate permitted by law. Strictly confidential. No inquiries of friends, relatives or employer. No endorsers. Only husbands and wives need sign.

HOUSEHOLD Finance Corporation
of Massachusetts. License No. 223
110 TREMONT ST.
4th Floor Studio Bldg., Boston
Liberty 8275
Loans Made in Nearby Towns.

PAY NOW! Doctors Bills Hospital Bills Rent Bills Coal Bills Tax Bills

We make loans to people of good character on furniture or guaranteed notes. Confidential service.

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Liberty 1734

$50 to $5000 Loaned on furniture, notes, stocks or bonds. Loans under $300 Licensed by State

BOSTON FINANCE CO.

119 Summer St. Boston	License 126	LIB. 7548
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580 Mass Ave., Cambridge	License 190	UNI. 2266
1431 Hancock St. Quincy	License 215	GRA. 6388
31 Pleasant St. Malden	License 217	MAL. 7386

We Make Loans on Autos On Small Weekly or Monthly Payments
We Make Loans on Furniture
We Also Reduce Your Present Auto Notes
TREMONT FINANCE CO. LICENSE 132
52 Hanover St., Boston. HAY. 6617

AUTO FURNITURE LOANS

Cash Advanced. Present payments reduced. No endorsers. Thousands of satisfied customers.

ATLAS FINANCE CORP.
620 Commonwealth Ave. Ken. 6343 Lic. 36 — 2 Park Sq. Near Boylston Han. 3773 Lic. 103

PILGRIM PLAN
LOANS ON AUTOS & FURNITURE IN AMOUNTS FROM $50 TO $2000. Call, phone or write, Room 401, 4th floor, 24 School St.; Hancock 2215. License 65.

A DIGNIFIED LOAN SERVICE in amounts up to $300 on furniture, personal note or auto. Present auto payments reduced. CALL. PHONE. WRITE. CONSERVATIVE CREDIT SYSTEM. 3d floor, Singer Bldg., 55 Temple Pl., Boston. Lib. 5705. License 216.

Don't say, "It can't be done," until you've tried a Want Ad.

Dentistry

UNITED DENTAL CLINIC, Inc.

EXCLUSIVE PLATE EXPERTS

$8 — $8

OUR CLINICAL PRICES NOW

UPPER OR LOWER GOOD PLATES, PINK RUBBER WITH GOLD PIN-TEETH	$8.00
REPAIR OF BROKEN PLATES IN 3 HOURS..	$1.00
PAINLESS EXTRACTIONS by R. A. Clark, D. M. D.	$1.00

SPECIAL OFFER: Genuine German Hecolite 14 carat gold pin teeth. Regular $40 to $50. **$25**

OVER 12 YEARS' EXCLUSIVE PLATE MAKING EXPERIENCE.

We are presenting facts, based on scientific investigation, that oral hygiene (the word oral coming from the Latin word meaning cavity of the mouth) is one of the immediate necessities of general health. Diseased roots or large cavities with sharp edges, or poorly fitted dentures made of inferior material, are the predecessories of a general run-down condition that will inevitably develop into Tuberculosis or Cancer of the mouth.

We are specializing in plates only, under the direction of P. S. NOTTIS, noted plate specialist. Satisfaction guaranteed.

172 Tremont St. Entire 3rd Floor. Boston — OFFICE HOURS: 8:30 A. M. to 6 P. M.

AVERY DENTAL PARLORS $7.00 PER SET

DR. W. E. BURNS, Mgr.
578 Washington St., Cor. Hayward Place

DENTISTRY AT PRICES THE WORKINGMAN CAN PAY

OUR SPECIAL PRICES

Good Set	$7
Featherweight Set	$10
All Pink Rubber Set	$15
GOLD CROWNS	$5
BRIDGEWORK, per tooth	$5
EXTRACTION	$1.00
CLEANING	$1.00

Examination FREE. Estimates FREE. All work FULLY GUARANTEED

SPECIAL — HECOLITE PLATES BEAUTIFUL AND LIFE-LIKE. ONLY **$25.00**

Hours 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. OPEN EVENINGS Phone Han. 7049

SPECIAL SERVICE for our out-of-town patients. *Come to our office in the morning, have your dental work completed the same day.*

Furs

MANUFACTURER'S DISPOSAL SALE FUR COATS

CARACUL COATS with fox collar	$35
MUSKRAT with beautiful Muskrat Shawl Collar	$37.50
AMERICAN BROADTAIL with Fox Shawl Collar.	$27.50
PONY COATS—specially priced	$27.50

Other fur coats up to $350

EDWARDS FUR SHOP
41 Winter St.--Hub. 9724--7th Floor

Today, in the real estate columns of the Classified Ads, you will find scores of opportunities for profitable investment.

FUR COAT SALE $9.75 up

Unredeemed FUR COATS 1932 Styles. Hundreds of fur coats to choose from. Taken from our Loan Department. All must be sold at this ridiculously low price regardless of original values, loans, etc.

$5 deposit holds any selection
STORAGE FREE

MAX'S LOAN OFFICE 2 STORES Broadway 176 Boston — Broadway 185 Boston — BROADWAY OUTLET — ONE MINUTE FROM METROPOLITAN THEATRE

CARACUL COATS $35
With beautiful fox collar. Manufacturer was forced to dispose of them to us at a sacrifice.
EDWARDS FUR SHOP
41 Winter St. Hub. 9724 7th Floor

Furniture

4 ROOM COMPLETE OUTFIT $175

Here's our special for this week.

Four Rooms—Living Room, Bedroom, Dining Room and Kitchen—Complete outfit for this astonishingly low price of $175

Rooms can be purchased separately if desired.

ALL BRAND NEW AND MODERN FURNITURE

Living Room—3-pc. overstuffed suite in choice of coverings — including Davenport table, end table and floor lamp.

Bedroom — Includes Bed, Dresser, Vanity or Chest, spring and mattress.

Dining Room—8-pc. walnut finish buffet table, 5 chairs and host chair. China closet and server extra.

Breakfast Set—Well made table and 4 chairs in a choice of colors.

WAREHOUSE FURNITURE OUTLET, Inc.
1010 MASS. AVE. BOSTON
Open until 8 P. M.
Take Savin Hill or Ed. Everett Sq. Bus at Northampton St. — Near Edison Electric Plant and Edward Everett Square.

LIBERTY 1999 PUBLIC SALE OPEN TILL 9 P. M.

BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE SAMPLES THAT WERE SHOWN AT THE MARKETS OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., AND OTHER FURNITURE MARKETS, WILL BE DISPLAYED AND SOLD AT OUR SHOWROOMS. INCLUDED IN THIS DISPLAY ARE BEAUTIFUL LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM SUITES OF QUALITY AND PRICE BEYOND ALL REASONING. Some of our listings follow:

$225.00	PARLOR SUITE	$69
$250.00	DINING ROOM	$79
$198.00	BEDROOM	$59

FOUR ROOMS OF BRAND NEW FURNITURE: LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM, BEDROOM AND KITCHEN, EASILY WORTH $750. **$295**

FIVE ROOMS OF BRAND NEW FURNITURE: LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM, 2 COMPLETE BEDROOMS, BREAKFAST ROOM. EASILY WORTH $1500. **$495**

RAILROAD FURNITURE & STORAGE
800 WASHINGTON STREET
OPEN TILL 9 P. M.

LIVING room suite, other household goods, dishes, books, etc. N. N. 7807.

Miscellaneous For Sale

WILLIS CANVAS GOODS

PORCH CURTAINS, brown and white stripes, complete with roller and fixtures, 4' wide, $1.55; 5', $1.85; 6', $2.15; 7', $2.45; 8', $2.75; 9', $3.10; 10', $3.40, all 7' drop; awnings, tan and white stripe, 65c; umbrella tents, 9x9, complete, $16.50; heavy army grade brown water-proofed canvas covers, 9x12, $5.40; 9x14, $6.30; 9x16, $7.20; 12x14, $8.40; 12x18, $10.80; 14x20, $14; other sizes 5c sq. ft.; 6x6' green umbrella play tents, slightly soiled, $3.25; cot pads, $1.85; children's striped canvas swings, 79c; khaki concession tops, 8' walls with awning and bally, 10x12, $36.50; 10x14, $39.50; army khaki 10-pocket kit rolls, $1.25 (cost $3.75), prepaid. WM. N. WILLIS CO., 634 Main St., Sullivan Sq., Charlestown, Mass.; directly opposite El platform.

GREATER AUGUST VALUES

Brand New Chairs	89c
New 5-Piece Breakfast Set	$7.95
7-Piece Dining Set	$15.00
New Mattresses	$4.95
Bed, Spring & Mattress	$6.95

Take 5c Bus at South Station Marked Army Base

Summerfield's USED FURNITURE STORE
SECTION D, AT U. S. ARMY BASE

3 Piece Over-Stuffed Set, $35 Tapestry or Velour. Work guaranteed. Uptown Upholstery Co. Kenmore 4121.

4 ROOMS new furniture, worth $450, sell for $215.75 Grand Rapids Storage & Warehouse, 598 Columbia Rd. Col. 8856.

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FREE, X-RAY

Examination, consultation and trial treatment absolutely free to all who call before Sept. 1st. The X-ray and mercury quartz light treatments are accomplishing wonders in disease of every description. No matter what your disease may be, Daniel J. Walsh, M. D., 18 Boylston St., fulfills the above offer. Office Hours: Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 10 to 1, 2 to 4 and 5 to 8; Tues. and Fri. 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Closed Sunday and Holidays.

Piles, Fistula and other rectal troubles. SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "A" DOVER ST. RECTAL CLINIC 16 Dover St., Boston, Mass.

Get a good piece of real estate, buy it wisely, pay for it, keep it, and later it will keep you. See the sound values listed today in the real estate columns of the Classified Ads.

Building Materials

FRIEND LUMBER CO.

OFFERS ON ALL CASH PURCHASES • A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 5%

BELOW WE GIVE YOU A FEW OF THE PRICES EFFECTIVE IN OUR YARD THIS WEEK

OAK FLOORING PRICES ARE ADVANCING RAPIDLY
Temporarily we are selling at our usual low prices—BUY NOW!

3/8x2" Oak—Makes your old floors look like new. Easily laid. Any handy person can lay it. Average room costs less than $10. FT. 4½c

13-16x2¼" Oak (standard size) Good lengths and polished surface. Exceptional value. FT. 5c

BOARDS 2x4	8, 10, or 12 inch wide Planed 4 sides	$20 Per M
6" NOVELTY SIDING, very best grade	Ft.	4½c
RED CEDAR SHINGLES	Per Bdl.	80c
2/6x6/6 DOORS	Other sizes in proportion.	$2.45
CEDAR POSTS		8c Ft.
FENCE PICKETS		4c Each
GLAZED GARAGE DOORS		$12 Pr
CLAPBOARDS RED CEDAR	LIN. FT.	2c

ALL PRICES QUOTED SUBJECT TO A 5% CASH DISCOUNT

Freight rates from the West Coast have advanced $1 per M. Another increase in freight rates coming Sept. 1. Prices at the mills are firmer, we believe that lumber prices will never be so low again. BUY NOW and take advantage of our enormous stock which we are selling at our past extremely low prices which will continue until our present surplus stock is exhausted. Visit us and get acquainted with our "FRIENDLY SERVICE." Open All Day Saturdays.

FRIEND LUMBER CO. 33 Gibson St., MEDFORD MYSTIC 5650
Wholesale and Retail Lumber Dealers
THE ORIGINATORS OF "FRIENDLY SERVICE"

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"MY REPUTATION IS YOUR PROTECTION"
PROF. RITTER
177 TREMONT ST.
DEVONSHIRE 7330

BALLROOM Guaranteed in 4 LESSONS
TAP DANCING, ALL STYLES TAUGHT BUCK & WING--SOFT SHOE--RHYTHM, ETC.

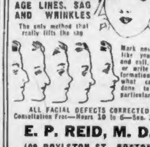
$1 —2 LESSONS LATEST STEPS!
ADULT BEGINNERS & SPECIALTY
MODEL SCHOOL MODERN DANCING
MISS FAWCETT—MISS HOYT
177 HUNTINGTON AVE.
TEL. COMMONWEALTH 9003

LERNER DANCE STUDIOS 335 Mass. Ave. Ken. 9383
Fox-Trot, Waltz, Frisco, Stage. Open all summer.

10—2-HOUR CLASS $3 **LOOMIS** 93 MASS. AVE. KENMORE 0738

Don't say, "It can't be done," until you've tried a Want Ad.

Dermatology



NOSES CORRECTED ALL TYPES SCIENTIFICALLY IMMEDIATELY and Painlessly

LIFT AWAY AGE LINES, SAG AND WRINKLES
The only method that really lifts the sag

Mark nose most like your own and call, phone or write for information as to what can be done in your particular case.

ALL FACIAL DEFECTS CORRECTED
Consultation Free—Hours 10 to 6—Sun. 12-2

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100 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON
Room 829 Phone Hancock 1389
ESTABLISHED OVER 38 YEARS

Automobiles-Accessories-Tires
Trucks and Motorcycles

WHITTREDGE GARAGES
Fireproof—MADE OF METAL Looks Like the Picture

At Lower Prices

Send For Our New Garage CATALOG (G) in COLORS and Attractive Time Payment Plan. Or Catalog (C) of Commercial Buildings, Hangars, Warehouses, etc.

Telephone—Everett 3879
Res. L. B. Hutchings, Sales Mgr.
BREakers 3210, Office and Factory
VISIT OUR BIG EXHIBIT On North Shore Boulevard
Whittredge Portable Buildings Co.
972 Broad St., Cor. Commercial St., West Lynn, Mass.

'28 Studebaker Dictator Sedan, new tires.....$225

'29 Ford Roadsters	195
'27 Chevrolet Sedan	75
'28 Whippet Sedan, 6 cyl.	145
'28 Dodge Fast Four Coupe, Sport job	175
Nash 4-pass., Victoria Coupe	115
'27 Nash 2-Pass. Coupe	115
'28 Ford Tudor Sedan	135
'30 Essex Coach, 9000 miles	400
'28 Star Coupe, a dandy	40
'27 6-Cyl. Chrysler Road	125
'28 52 Chrysler Sedan	140
'28 Ford Tudors and Fordors	125 up
'28 Chev. ½-Ton Pickup, dandy	95
'27 Early Essex Coach	30

75 others at your own price

192 BROADWAY SOMERVILLE

INTERNATIONAL DUMP
2-ton with 2½ yd. hyd. dump body, new 34x7 dual tires. Rebuilt and painted. Terms. $540 down, balance monthly.
International Harvester Co.
61 North Beacon St., Boston
Stadium 1802

DE VAUX DEMONSTRATOR
Small mileage, will make an attractive trade on your used car.
Linscott Motor Co.
29 Brookline Ave., Boston
Commonwealth 3100

1931 Studebaker Commander
Free wheeling, run less than 100 miles. Real buy if sold today.
1929 Essex Coupe
New car guarantee. Priced right. Also other good buys. See these cars today.
Metropolitan Garage
632 Main St., Winchester

SAVINGS $50 TO $800
DODGE TRUCK SALE *GIGANTIC LIQUIDATION NOW GOING ON 35 TRUCKS* Weekly, Monthly Terms
69 North Beacon Street, Brighton In the heart of the truck district.

1930 DODGE TAXICAB
Used 2 months and cannot be told from new. The most attractive cab on the street; will sell with new car guarantee; small down payment, balance monthly. Call or come in for demonstration. 989 Commonwealth Ave.; Stadium 3500; open evenings.

BRAKES $6.50
4-Wheel brakes, $10, $12.50, $14.50. 20 Brighton Ave., Boston, Mass. Tel. Alg. 0877

'30 FORD SEDAN DELIVERY
Thoroughly overhauled. In best of condition. Good tires. Cambridge Motor Co., 277 Mass. Ave. Uni. 6400. **$350**

CASH FOR YOUR CAR 910 COMM. AVE. ASPinwall 4626

1931 CHEVROLET COACH, $475. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

1930 HUDSON 8 COACH, 6 WIRE WHEELS, A-1 CONDITION. OWNER, HINGHAM 0859-M.

1929-30 CHEVROLET sedans, $325-$475. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown.

'30 DODGE Sedan, $565. Reo Motor Co. of N. E., 870 Commonwealth Ave.

VELIE, 1928 4-door small sedan; good condition, best offer. Mystic 7089.

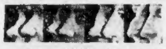
CADILLAC sedan 7-passenger—$475, excellent condition. Mr. Schlossberg, Hay. 5320

Automobile Trucks

1931 CHEVROLET DUMP TRUCK 6 DUAL wheels, brand new tires, hydraulic hoist, reconditioned and refinished, sold with a new car guarantee. Duggan, 131 Hancock St., Atlantic. President 1100.

Dermatology

NOSES RESHAPED (all types)



NEW FACE LIFT Restores youthful contours at once No pain Done in 40 min

EARS SET BACK
WRINKLES—BLEMISHES removed. ALSO CORRECTED—Thick Lips, Hare Lip, Baggy Eyes, Receding Chin, Double Chin, Moles, Warts, Wens, Red Veins, Pittings, Blackheads, Oily Skin, Superfluous Hair, Scalp and Skin troubles at once by

A. STANLEY GIBSON, M. D.
154 Boylston St. Lib. 4162. Est. 33 Yrs.

Beauty Aids

$2 PERMANENT WAVE BY SKILLED OPERATORS 453 Washington St. Rm. 1109. Dev. 8080 **$2**

BROOKS SKINNER
Wood and Steel Buildings
Write for Catalog 'A' — Size 9x17 ft.

EASY TERMS
Price Delivered and Erected **$175**

Brooks-Skinner steel buildings can be erected 2 ft. from the lot line in Boston. We arrange for permit and attend to all details. Satisfaction Guaranteed! Brooks-Skinner wood and steel buildings are sturdy and strong—will not sag or leak! 18,000 satisfied customers our best recommendation. Write for catalog today.

BROOKS-SKINNER CO., INC.
662 Adams St., Quincy, Mass.
Tel. President 5090-5091-5092

Visit our Main Exhibit located on the Main Road to Nantasket, Near E. Milton Station. Drive down TODAY! We also have two exhibits on the Cape, one at East Sandwich on Route 6 and another at South Yarmouth on Route 28.

Ford — REO SPEEDWAGON Mod. D. A. Tonner, Rack Body. A-1 throughout. Ready for work...$265

'31 Chassis & Cab, 157" w.b.	$485
'28 G.M.C. "T-19" Covered Express	$240
'30 Whippet ½ Ton Panel	$265
'28-'31 Sport Roadsters	$175 to $390

It will pay you to look at these cars. They have been reconditioned thoroughly. Many others to choose from $25 up.

REARDON & WOODWARD, INC.
1890 Columbus Ave., Roxbury
at Egleston Sq. High. 1853-4-5

1929 ESSEX SPT. COUPE
Latest Challenger model; paint, upholstery and tires good; mechanically guaranteed; a fine vacation car.
$295
EASY TERMS AND TRADE
Commonwealth Chevrolet Co.
949 COMMONWEALTH AVE.
Stadium 8300 Open Evenings

INTERNATIONAL RACK
2-ton with 12 ft. rack side body, new 32x6 dual tires. Rebuilt and painted. Terms $200 down, balance monthly.
International Harvester Co.
61 North Beacon St., Boston
Stadium 1802

REO ROYALE
5 Pass. Sedan Demonstrator
Mileage only 4000, will make an attractive trade on your used car.
Linscott Motor Co.
29 Brookline Ave., Boston
Commonwealth 3100

'29 OLDS BUSINESS COUPE $445
Mohair upholstery, wide doors, adjustable seat, spacious rear compartment. Fine condition mechanically, fully equipped. Guaranteed 30 days; easy terms. Olds Motor Works, 963 Commonwealth Ave. Stadium 8320; open evenings.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID
LATE MODELS
WRECKS & BURNT CARS
SPOT CASH — NO DELAY
PHONE PORTER 4532

CASH for your car. Drive in. 192 Broadway, Somerville.

FORD 1928-29-30 sedans, coaches, sport coupes, $195-$395. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

'28 BUICK Sport Coupe, $145 down, balance 12 small monthly notes. CENter NEWton 4102. Before 9 p. m.

DO YOU want a good trade on your old car? Come to C. E. Fay Co., 750 Commonwealth Ave.; Asp. 4512; open evenings.

USED MOTORCYCLES. Indians, Harley Davidsons, Hendersons. Walker Indian, 1309 Boylston St.

1926 DODGE coupe, $65. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067

FORD 1929 SPORT COUPE, $210 Easy terms. Mr. B. B. Converse 1019 Com. Ave. STA. 3100 Til 9 P. M.

LATE 1929 Essex coach, 12,000 miles, $350. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown, 0067.

NASH 1931 Ambassador sedan, 8 cylinder; driven only 3000 miles; save over $500. H. E. HERTIG, Kenmore 1403.

1927 CHEVROLET coaches, $60-$75. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

1927 PONTIAC coach, A-1 condition, all new tires; $75. Malden 3229-M.

Beauty Aids

Studley Beauty School
125 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
Room 503—DEVONSHIRE 7634
Thorough training in every branch. Simplified method in marcel, finger and permanent waving. Large following for students' practise. Day and evening classes. Terms, or discount for cash. Diplomas given. We help place students. 8 weeks course, $50. Send for Circular

Eyebrows and Shampoo, Henna Shampoo, Lemon Shampoo, Hot Oil Shampoo, Hair Cut and Shampoo — With Marcel or Finger Wave **$1**
FRANKLIN PARK BEAUTY SHOP 453 Wash. St., Room 614. Dev. 6514

ELECTRIC NEEDLE SPECIALIST
HAIR On ladies' faces permanently removed. No Pain or Scars. Physicians references. MISS MOLLY RAPPORT, 125 Tremont St. Rm. 310. Hancock 7286

$2 PERMANENT WAVE Shampoo, Marcel, or Finger Wave, 50c THIS MONTH ONLY 8 Winter St., Rm. 1005. Han. 5446 **$2**

$2 PERMANENT SPECIAL **$2 UP** SHAMPOO AND SET $1.00 Annette, 8 Winter St., Rm. 910. Dev. 7625

$5 COMPLETE PERMANENT WE SAFEGUARD YOUR HAIR Gilbert, 8 Winter St. Rm. 808. Dev. 7803 **$5**

Prices Slashed VACATION CARS $19 to $329!
SEE US FIRST

Hupmobile Sedan	$19
'27 Series Jordan Spt. Roadster	29
2 Late '26 Hudson Coaches. Paint like new.	25
'26 Hudson Coach	35
'26 Hudson Coach. Lots of extras.	35
27 Hudson Coach	40
'26 Ford 4-Door Sedan	40
Studebaker Phaeton	35
'26 Dodge Touring	40
Jordan Touring	45
'27 Hupmobile Sedan	65
'27 Chevrolet Sedan. Late model 4 door.	85
Reo Sedan	75
Dodge Sedan	85
Essex Coach, '28 Series	95
'27 Whippet Coupe, 6 cyl.	95
'28 Series Essex 4-Dr. Sedan	95
'27 Series Chrysler Coupe	125
Chrysler Roadster Model 70	145
'26 Packard Sedan	145
'27 Locomobile Sedan	135
Chrysler Coupe, Model 70	245
Willys-Knight Sed., like new	275
'27 Series Buick Coupe. 4 passenger. Like new.	265
'27 Buick Sedan, like new	329

NEW CARS EVERY DAY
CASH—TERMS—TRADE
TERMS TO SUIT EVERY BUYER
Central Auto Sales, Inc.
94 MASS. AVE., CAMBRIDGE
Porter 4532 Always Open
Opp. Technology—Beside Armory

PEERLESS
LOOK OUR STOCK OVER FIRST
GOOD CARS
LARGE ASSORTMENT
RIGHT PRICES
Open Evenings Easy Terms
J. C. HARVEY
Peerless, Willys and Willys-Knight
971 Commonwealth Ave.
Stadium 7140

SCHOOL BUSES

4 White Buses	$200 each
4 Mack Buses	$200 each
1 1928 model 29-passenger Mack Bus	$1250

GASOLINE TANK TRUCKS
10 gasoline tank trucks, excellent mechanical condition, capacity for 1000 gals. to 1500 gals., $750 each.
C. H. SPRING CO.
Newton Lower Falls, Mass.
Tel. Wellesley 0200

$10 DOWN 20 MONTHS TO PAY

1930 Chevrolet Coupe	$350
1930 Ford Tudor	340
1929 Ford Coupe	270
1930 Ford Coupe	325
1929 Chevrolet Coupe	287

These cars are in perfect condition. Must be seen to be appreciated.
Washington St. Garage
216 Washington St., Quincy. Granite 8420

1930 Pontiac Business Coupe $435
RUMBLE SEAT. PRACTICALLY NEW IN LOOKS AND PERFORMANCE. PRIVATELY OWNED. LOW MILEAGE. SEEN AT PALMER SHOE STORE, 2163 WASHINGTON ST., ROXBURY. GAR. 4729.

Ford 1931 Ford De Luxe Roadster; 1929 Ford Coupes, choice of 8; 1930 Chrysler Model 66. Small down payment; balance monthly.
Y-D MOTORS OF BOSTON, Inc.
91-97 Mass. Ave., Boston. Com. 3300

1930 Chevrolet Sport Sedan
Has 6 wire wheels, metal tire covers, fender wheels, small mileage, like new throughout. Call or come in for demonstration. MASS. MOTOR CAR CO., Stadium 3500, 989 Commonwealth Ave.; open evenings.

"NO CASH DOWN"
Your car and $3.80 per week buys a late model car here. Henley Kimball, 650 to 660 Beacon St. Kenmore 4010.

Autos Wanted
We pay spot cash. See us before selling. 1182 COMMONWEALTH AVE. REGENT 1191

1929-30 CHEVROLET coupes, coaches, $275-$375. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067

WE PAY MORE FOR CARS Finance Co. 120 Brighton Ave. Alg. 9519

TUBE free with each tire purchased. Fields, 1039 Commonwealth Ave., Boston.

1930 BUICK MASTER 6 SEDAN. PRIVATELY OWNED. TEL. JACK. 2057-R

Automobile Insurance

SMALL SUM DOWN, balance in 3 payments. Rates are lower now. F. L. George Co., Inc., 153 Milk St. Hancock 4230

Noyes Buick

Sweeping Clearance!

A mid-summer event . . . striking car values will feature the last days of August and first of September.

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Nash 1930 Sedan, Model 453. Small mileage. Priced $90 under market. "Clearance" **$570**

LaSalle 1929, Model 328; Convertible Coupe. Sport equipped, 6 wire wheels, trunk rack, 4 new tires, rumble seat. $200 under market. "Clearance" **$1165**

Buick 1930, Model 50, 7-Pass. Sedan. Powerful 6-cyl. motor, rugged chassis, 6 wire wheels, side mountings, luggage carrier, plush upholstered Fisher body. Nearly $1000 saved from new cost. "Clearance" **$1290**

Franklin 1929 Sedan. Duco black, 6 wire wheels, fender mountings. "Clearance" **$965**

Buick 1929, Model 51 Brougham; refinished classic Grey, gold stripe, 4 new tires, 6 wire wheels, chrome plating. Reduced $125 for "Clearance" **$825**

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Hupmobile 1931 Sedan, 8-Cyl., Model L; rich black finish, cream stripe. Mohair upholstery, wire wheels, fender wells, custom equipped, 4 new tires. Cost new $1500. No dents or blemishes, low mileage. Market value $1100. "Clearance" **$945**

Packard 1928 8-Cyl. Club Sedan. Conditioned, fully equipped, guarantee. Original cost $2800. "Clearance" **$720**

Buick Six, 1930 2-Pass. Coupe; rumble seat and bag or golf club compartment. Two-tone brown finish, mohair plush upholstery. Speedometer reading under 7000 miles. Mechanical performance fully guaranteed. Regular $1050 value. "Clearance" **$860**

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Sunday, August 23, 1931

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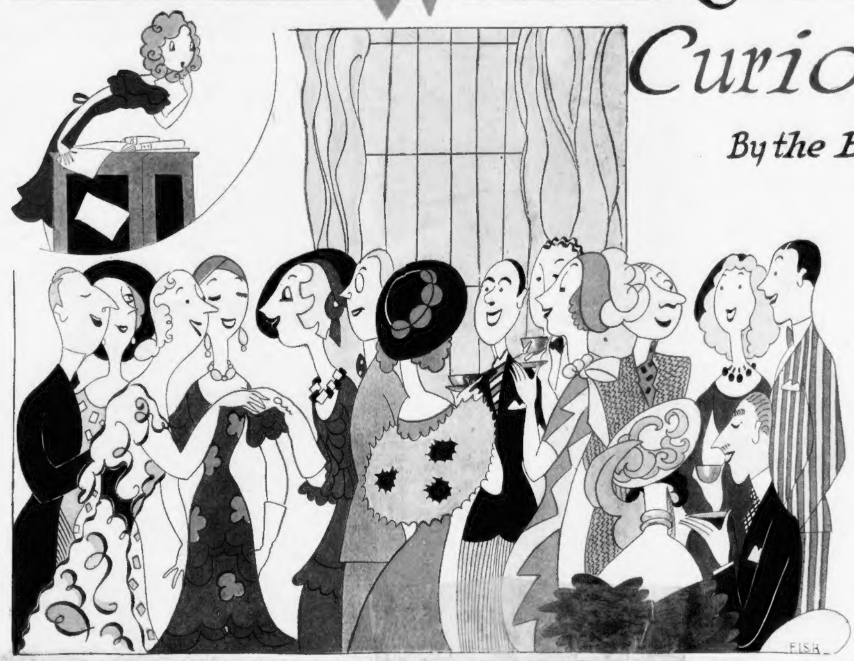
Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist

Fish

Verses by
Carolyn Wells



1
Curious Kitty was employed by rich Miss Gracie Gay,
A maiden lady, not so young as she was yesterday.
And Kitty, sitting at her desk, could raise her eyes and see,
In the next room, Miss Gracie's friends, who had dropped
in for tea.

2
A messenger came, bringing a
great, enormous box,
Which probably, Kitty surmised,
contained some grand new frocks.
She signed for it, as was her rule,
then resolutely turned
Her eyes away, though in her heart
an eager impulse burned!

3
The urge became insistent, she felt she
simply had
To have one peep in that big box, or
she'd go raving mad!
Softly she shut the door, and in another
instant she
Disclosed a most bewildering lot of
stunning lingerie!

4
Her curiosity increased, her good re-
solves took wings,
She had to see how she would look in
those delicious things!
Her one-piece frock slipped to the floor,
she stepped behind a screen.
"I want you, Kitty," called Miss Gay—
commanding like a queen!

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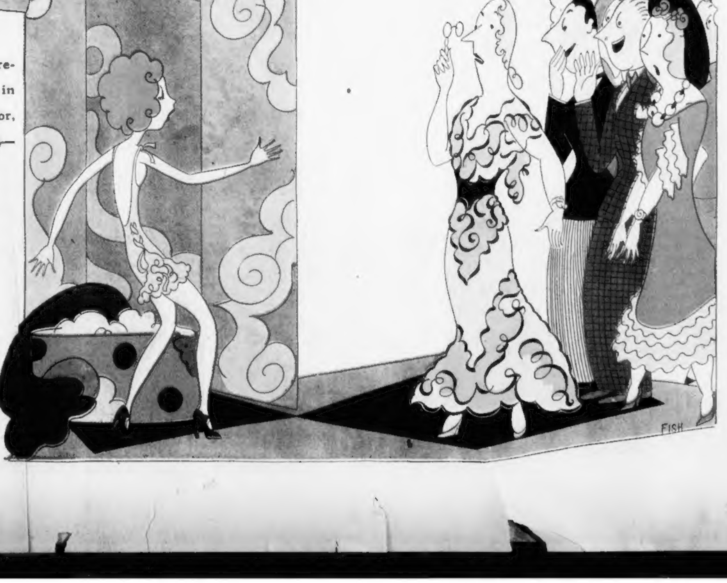


5
Kitty was petrified with
fear—the door was open-
ing now!
She couldn't reach her dress
—Miss Gay would make
an awful row!
The merry crowd of guests
appeared. Miss Gay said,
simply, "So?
"Keep on the garments you
have donned—put on your
frock—and GO!"

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)

Latest Visitation of the Ancient Battle Abbey Curse

PEOPLE all over England were shocked a few weeks ago when an early morning fire wrecked the historic Abbot's Hall of Battle Abbey, Sussex, and destroyed several priceless relics, including a banner which the troops of William the Conqueror carried in the Battle of Hastings more than eight centuries ago. But they were not surprised, because the "curse of Battle Abbey" is one of the oldest and most persistent of Anglo-Saxon legends. Ever so often something tragic happens to the ancient pile of stone or individuals who have the misfortune to be associated with it.

The present abbey and its group of buildings stands on a hill in Sussex where, in October, 1066, William the Conqueror defeated King Harold in the famous Battle of Hastings. William made a vow on the field strewn with dead that he would celebrate the victory by raising a great religious house on the spot.

He kept his word by building the Benedictine Abbey of La Bataille—Battle Abbey—which he never lived to see completed. King William Rufus, William's son, dedicated the monastery and made it a famous shrine by presenting it with his father's coronation robes and sword.

The place apparently did not acquire its dreaded "curse" until the reign of Henry VIII, who, establishing the Church of England, ordered that all Catholic property be seized as the property of the crown. The chapter house, dormitory, sacristy and cloisters were razed and all the other buildings unroofed and dismantled in 1538.

The King gave the abbey to his master of horse, Sir Anthony Browne, who, when he came to take possession, was visited by one of the dispossessed monks who pointed a gaunt finger at Sir Anthony and croaked, "By fire and water ye and your race shall miserably perish."

The curse seems to have been slow in taking effect, for it was not until some 250 years after its pronouncement that Lord Montagu, the last living male descendant of Sir Anthony Browne, was drowned in the Rhine almost at the time that his estate in Cowdray was burning to the ground.

Lord Montagu did not own Battle Abbey at the time, the famous structure having been sold to Sir Thomas Webster some years before. But Englishmen believed that the ancient curse of "fire and water" was upon him, and upon his kin, for not long after the nobleman's untimely end, the two young sons of his sister were drowned before their mother's eyes. Several years later, the son of one of the boys' three sisters met a similar fate.

Sir Thomas Webster, of course, had none of the blood of the Brownes in his veins, but he seems to have acquired the curse for his family when he became master of Battle Abbey. In 1922 Lady Webster, wife of Sir Augustus Webster, was drowned in a pond only a short distance from the abbey and her son died under fire on the battlefields of France.

For several years Battle Abbey has been used as an exclusive girls' school to which many titled and wealthy English families refuse to send their daughters because they fear the ancient monk's curse of death by fire and water. And, as a matter of fact, it was only the timely discovery of the most recent mishap to the abbey that saved several score of young women from being roasted alive in their beds.

Battle Abbey today is, of course, very little like it was in the time of William the Conqueror, or even in the later day of Henry VIII. In the more than eight centuries since the erection of the original abbey with its church and subsidiary buildings, old buildings have been torn down and newer structures put in in their places. But the spirit and the lore of the place remain—and, perhaps, the curse, to which Englishmen attribute the recent fire. Anyway, the destroyed buildings will be rebuilt under the direction of a celebrated architect.

—At Right—
A Section of the Vast Abbot's Hall as It Appeared a Week Before the Fire.
—And Below—
A Section of Abbot's Hall of Battle Abbey, Where So Many Dramatic Episodes of English History Have Transpired. Photographed After the Fire.

Entrance to Battle Abbey, Showing the Great Hall.

King Risked Life for Her

KING ZOG of Albania knew before he alighted from his private car at a Vienna railway station that he should depart from "the city of beautiful women" as soon as possible. He was suffering from a bad cold which his personal physician feared might develop into pneumonia and his secret agents had warned him that an attempt might be made on his life.

Despite these warnings, the King attended a performance of "Pagliacci" at the Vienna Opera House, and sat in a box next to the box occupied by the beautiful Baroness de Janko. Assassins fired several shots at him as he left the opera house and killed one of his aides.

Next day a Vienna newspaper revealed that His Royal Majesty is an ardent admirer of the Baroness and risked his life because he had promised her to attend the performance that night. The newspaper's report of the dramatic incident painted King Zog as a gallant gentleman who preferred to gamble with death rather than disappoint a lady.

The Baroness was greatly upset by the monarch's narrow escape from death, but she refused to discuss the near-tragedy with reporters, who were told that the noblewoman was indisposed.

ACME Photo

Baroness Marie de Janko, the Viennese Beauty, Whose Romance With King Zog of Albania Prompted the Monarch to Risk Assassination.

Railroad Runs When Wind Blows

THE strangest railroad in the world runs along the high cliffs of the Kentish coast in England. It is used by one man who doesn't own it and has only one car which can travel over the rails only on days that the wind blows.

W. H. Slater, the operator and sole passenger of the one-car railroad, is a retired officer of the British army who, several years ago, was given the easy but important job of tending the lights on Riverside Wharf at the village of Cliffe.

The house that the Government furnished him is five miles from the wharf. Twice a day the old man had to walk ten miles—one trip in the afternoon to light the big lanterns before sunset, and another in the early morning to extinguish the lights at sunrise.

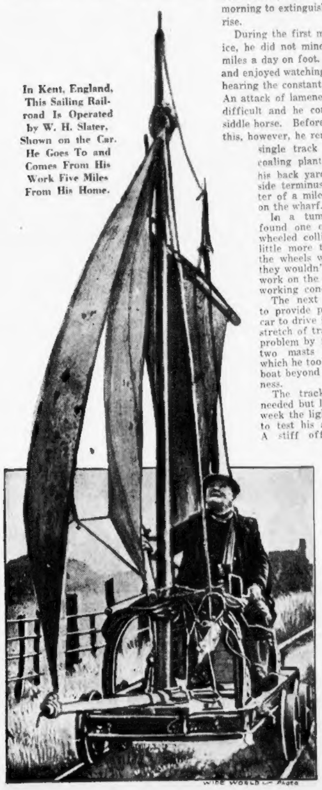
During the first months of his service, he did not mind traveling twenty miles a day on foot. He loves the sea and enjoyed watching passing ships and hearing the constant boom of the surf. An attack of lameness made his duties difficult and he considered buying a siddle horse. Before he got around to this, however, he remembered that the single track of an abandoned coaling plant runs almost into his back yard and has its seaside terminus less than a quarter of a mile from the beacons on the wharf.

In a tumbledown shed he found one of the small four-wheeled colliery cars. It was little more than a chassis and the wheels were so rusted that they wouldn't turn. He went to work on the truck and put it in working condition.

The next problem was how to provide power for the little car to drive it over the five-mile stretch of track. He solved this problem by fitting the car with two masts and canvas sails which he took from a small sailboat beyond the days of usefulness.

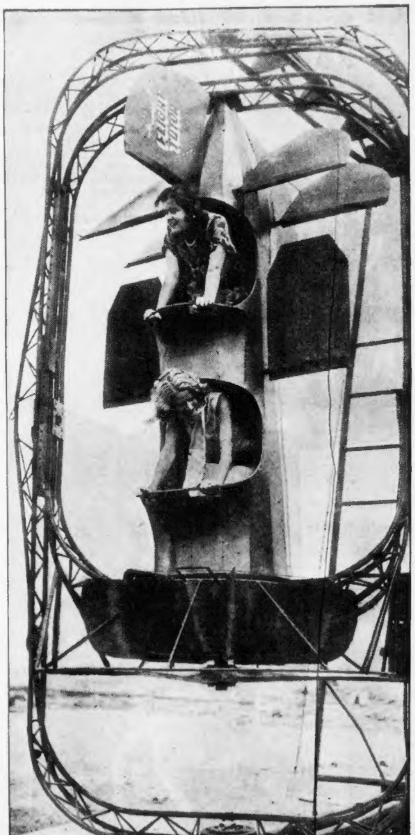
The tracks and roadbed needed but little work and in a week the lightkeeper was ready to test his sailboat on wheels. A stiff offshore breeze was blowing and he rolled to his work in less than half an hour. And, to use a seadog's term, he "tacked" back in a few minutes more than half an hour.

That was several years ago and he has operated his one-car railroad ever since. Fortunately for him, it is a rare day that the Kentish coast is not swept by a strong breeze and very often by whistling winds which make it necessary to keep the sails of the little coal truck close-hauled. On such days, he sails to his lights in an exciting 15-minute run.



In Kent, England, This Sailing Railroad Is Operated by W. H. Slater, Shown on the Car. He Goes To and Comes From His Work Five Miles From His Home.

WIDE WORLD Photo



WIDE WORLD Photo.

Everything That a Plane Can Do in the Way of Banking, Turning and Stunting Is Duplicated in This Instruction "Ground Plane," in Which Los Angeles Aeronautical Students Are Being Thrilled.

Flying Thrills on the Ground

EVER since the invention of the whirling chair in which would-be fliers were tested in the days before and during the World War, aviation engineers have been making earth-bound machines capable of going through many of the maneuvers of planes in the air.

The newest of these contraptions—a two-seater "ground plane," invented by Arthur Ruggles, of Los Angeles—is said by experienced fliers to be capable of practically every twist and turn of a plane in full flight.

It is equipped with a propeller, rudders and elevators, all of which are controlled by a "stick" just like that in a real plane. When the operator of the so-called "orientator" moves the stick, the same things happens to the wingless machine as would happen if he actually were making a solo flight a thousand feet above ground and had to do the right thing to keep from coming to grief.

Veteran aviators who have operated the ingenious "ground plane" have put it through the equivalent of inside loops, nose dives, tail spins and "falling leaf" twists, to say nothing of the dangerous and dreaded outside loop, a stunt seldom attempted except by daring and skilful pilots. They say that the machine behaves remarkably like a plane in the air and that anyone who wants to find out whether he is fitted for the flying profession can definitely find out in one of the seats of this device.

If, say the veterans of the air, a novice birdman gets sick and dizzy whirling about in this machine safely fastened to earth, he most certainly should think twice before he decides to take to the air. This advice does not, of course, apply to persons who are interested only in straight flying, in the course of which no stunts are to be indulged in.

Riding in a roller coaster is a tame experience compared to that enjoyed—or hated—by persons who have taken a spin in the "ground plane," which is so set in the midst of rotating loops of tubing, that it can turn, twist, dip and roll in several directions at once.

The device is not, however, intended to supply thrills to persons who have no interest in becoming fliers. It is a scientifically planned and constructed machine with a serious purpose—that of testing the level-headedness and sensitivity of would-be aviators and aviatrix.

It is said that the Army Air Service is much interested in the "ground plane" and that it plans to install several of the machines in training centers throughout the country, for unlike the earliest of such devices, which merely spun the subject around in vertical and horizontal circles, the "ground plane" also enables the novice pilot to learn much about handling the "stick" just as he would in actual flight.

And So Claire Didn't Get Her Alimony

Maybe Mr. Carnevale's Decorative Wife Would Have Gotten It, If She Hadn't Listed That Expensive Foreign Car and Other Luxuries to Prove He Could Afford to Pay It—But, Anyway, Justice Schmuck's Decision Is a Great Comfort to Other Anxious Husbands

Claire Ray and Charles E. Carnevale on Their Honeymoon.

After Visualizing Young Mr. Carnevale's Extremely Decorative Wife Riding in Her Luxurious Car in Her Chinchilla Coat and With Her 26-Carat Diamond Ring Sparkling on Her Hand, Justice Schmuck Deprived, at Least Temporarily, Mrs. Carnevale of Her Hope of Easy Money by Denying Her Any Alimony Whatever.

Claire Ray Carnevale, the "Platinum-Haired" Ex-Sennett Bathing Beauty, Who, at the Age of 22, Has Had Four Husbands, According to Her Present One.

"Nigger Nate" Raymond, Gambling Associate of Arnold Rothstein, and Mr. Carnevale's Predecessor as Claire Ray's Husband.

SOME cynic has defined marriage as a perpetual battlefield, and certainly divorce is a war, and the results of wars depend upon tactics, stratagems and plans of the opposing generals. Mrs. Claire Omley Ray Carnevale, once a Mack Sennett "Bathing Beauty" and now the wife of Charles E. Carnevale, son of a multi-millionaire New York real estate operator, seems to have made a major tactical error in her campaign when she listed a Rolls-Royce car, a $15,000 chinchilla coat, and a 26-carat diamond ring and other luxuries as assets to prove Mr. Carnevale ought to pay her $500 a week alimony.

At any rate, after looking over all the papers in the case, scratching his head judicially, and visualizing young Mr. Carnevale's extremely decorative young wife riding in her Rolls-Royce in her chinchilla coat and with her 26-carat diamond ring sparkling on her hand, Supreme Court Justice Peter Schmuck, of New York, delivered himself of a unique decision, shattering at least temporarily Mrs. Carnevale's hopes of easy money and bringing great comfort to the hearts of various other alimony sufferers throughout the United States.

"If defendant can operate a Rolls-Royce and in proper season be the envy of her sex by ownership of a chinchilla coat and a 26-carat diamond ring, she will not feel the pangs of actual distress if alimony pendente lite is refused," wrote the justice.

"Pendente lite" is Latin for "pending trial." Young Mr. Carnevale is suing Mrs. Carnevale for divorce in New York and the $500 a week was to pay her expenses until the courts could hear the divorce case.

Claire had asked for $5,000 counsel fees also, and Justice Schmuck cut this down to $250. But he didn't give Mrs. Carnevale one penny despite the fact that she had carefully listed just what the $500 would go for on the basis of what $570 a week went for, so she asserted, before she and her husband fell out. The weekly household expenses, excluding Mr. Carnevale's own personal expenses, she gave as follows, and considering these hard times it is of more than usual interest:

Food (at Delmonico's, Salisbury, et al. prominent restaurants)	$70.00
Chauffeur	40.00
Maid	15.00
Rent	75.00
Garage	10.00
Singing and dancing lessons for Mrs. Carnevale	35.00
Night Clubs	200.00
Clothing for Mrs. Carnevale	100.00
Maintenance for car	25.00
Weekly total	$570.00

But Mr. Carnevale told the judge that despite papa's wealth, he never had made more than $125 a week in his life, and quite naturally asked how he could pay $500 out of this. And in a somewhat hurt and puzzled fashion, in answer to the rejected claims for alimony, he gave to the judge this interesting thumbnail sketch of his wife, at least as he saw her.

"The defendant, who has been four times married, is of the age of twenty-two years, and it seems as if her marriage state is not of a very lasting proposition with her, because she does not know what it is to be a good and loving wife, nor does she quite fully realize the sanctity of a home nor the obligations of married life, but her main purpose at all times is . . . that she simply marries men for whatever she can possibly get out of them in worldly goods, how many diamond rings, diamond bracelets, clothes, Rolls-Royces she can possibly obtain from each and every new husband that she marries."

Miss Ray indignantly denied having married all those husbands. Mr. Carnevale, however, insists that she came to him encumbered not only with the Rolls-Royce, but the memories of three previous spouses. He knew about the Rolls-Royce all the time, but he learned about his predecessors gradually, he says.

According to Mr. Carnevale, he met Miss Ray in Hollywood about a year ago. She is known as a "platinum-haired" blonde, because she paints her hair with a solution that makes it shine. She was then twenty-two and gave him the impression that she had never been married. This she had the right to do because it was, at that time, none of his business. Carnevale fell in love with her and they came to New York to get married.

Carnevale thinks that about that time it was his business and that she ought to have informed him of at least some of his predecessors. However, apparently she had too many things on her mind and she had considered them insignificant husbands anyway.

After their arrival here matters hung fire for some time. Claire just could not find time to go down to the City Hall for the marriage license. And then one evening Miss Ray, Carnevale and Miss Ray's manager indulged in a little convivial drinking. Miss Ray suddenly decided to get married "right this minute."

"Can't," said Carnevale. "License bureau's closed."

"Sure you can," said the manager. "I know where you can get a license. Mt. Vernon."

"Lets go," said Carnevale—or so he says.

The party of three arrived in Mt. Vernon about midnight, got the clerk of the license bureau out of bed and the matter was put through then and there. Since neither party has made any specific complaint, it would seem that the honeymoon was neither better nor worse than average, but a month later the trouble began. Carnevale and his bride were seated at a table in the expensive Central Park Casino together with her manager. The orchestra started to play, which prompted the bride and her manager to arise and dance. While they were away a friend wandered over and pleasantly inquired:

"Where did you get the girl?"

"That is my wife," replied Carnevale with pardonable stiffness.

"Well I'll be ———, what about 'Nigger Nate' Raymond?"

"Never heard of him. Who is he?"

"Well, for one thing he used to be your wife's husband," said the friend. This called for an explanation and Mrs. Carnevale gave it. He says that she explained that while it was true that she had married Mr. Raymond, she had never loved him so it had not mattered. This might be, but the husband wanted to know why she had not told him.

"I couldn't, Darling," she is said to have replied, "because if you had known that, we could not have been married because, you see, Nate and I were divorced."

Later Claire corrected herself. She recalled that Raymond, who figured prominently in the big stud poker game that preceded Arnold Rothstein's murder, had obtained an annulment of the marriage. Pressed for details of this annulment, Claire could not remember the name of the city where it was obtained. Carnevale's attorney, Joseph G. Barron, did find in Tia Juana, Mexico, the record of the marriage license issued to N. L. Raymond and Claire Alice Omley, who gave her status as divorcee. This would seem to point to two previous husbands and Barron, who used to be an able assistant district attorney, says he has run across the dim outline of a fourth one.

If bridegroom Carnevale did not know of his bride's marriage to "Nigger Nate," the New York reporters did and they asked her about it.

"It's just the meanest thing I ever heard of, saying that I was once the wife of Nate Raymond. It's slanderous. I wasn't," she declared at that time.

Other momentous problems soon faced the honeymooners. It was reported that Carnevale had offered to give his bride a $500,000 trust fund if she would give up the movies. He was solemnly quoted as follows:

"I have the greatest respect for the theatre, but I love my wife too much to share her with the public. I want her to give up her career and just be Mrs. Carnevale."

To which Claire responded (in a daily movie column):

"He promised that he would not interfere with my career when we were married. I love my husband and will do anything to please him and make him happy, but I just can't give up my work. It's part of me."

Claire's career—other than matrimonial—has consisted of posing with the Mack Sennett "Bathing Beauties."

A little later, Claire put aside her "career" long enough to take a little jaunt to Havana. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to this trip. Carnevale says:

"In about the month of April, 1931, Miss Ray told me that she wanted to go to Havana, Cuba. I refused to permit her to go, but thereafter she got up and left me and went to Havana. After a short period of time I called her up and told her that I had received reports that she was running around the town and raising the dickens in Havana, and that I objected to her conduct, and she told me that I should mind my own business, and that she would stay there as long as she wanted to, and she did remain there for a period of about a week thereafter."

She says that owing to her husband's ill humor, refusal to pay bills, cruelty, etc., her health broke down. A doctor advised her to leave New York. She asked Carnevale for money enough to take a two weeks' vacation in Havana. Carnevale allowed her the "preposterously inadequate sum of $150," she says. When she wired him for more money he ignored her plea. As a result she had to find work in a Cuban night club in order both to pay her expenses and her return passage to New York.

Whenever and however she got back to New York, she was met by a distinctly hostile young husband. By this time Attorney Barron had found out all about her marraige to "Nigger Nate," the fact that she had admitted being a divorcee even then, and that there was, in his mind, evidence of still a third previous husband and probably three previous divorces in all.

Carnevale suggested that she make it four straight by going to Reno and getting a divorce from him. He offered to pay all expenses and give her $1,000 besides. She accepted the proposition and the $1,000 on the spot. Carnevale says he had to borrow the money. She even signed a paper releasing him from all further obligations and agreed to leave for Reno at once. Carnevale moved his belongings from their Central Park West penthouse and thought his marital troubles were all over. But Claire did not go to Reno and Carnevale decided to get that divorce himself.

According to the husband and his attorney, they did not have to wait long for evidence. On June 6, they say, Claire went to the races at Belmont Park with Michael di Amato, also known as Michael de Mar, race track follower and alleged to be the son of a Cuban sugar planter. The races over, Mrs. Carnevale and de Mar returned to New York for dinner. Then they drove to Atlantic City. The rest of the story is contained in an affidavit submitted by Jean Aronson, a southern girl who knows both Mrs. Carnevale and de Mar. The following day Miss Aronson was sunning herself on the beach when she saw de Mar and Mrs. Carnevale also on the beach. De Mar strolled over and asked her to telephone him later in the day at the Ritz Hotel.

"Just ask for Mr. Ray," he said.

When Miss Aronson called, Claire answered, according to the affidavit. Miss Aronson asked to speak to Mr. Ray. Claire replied Mr. Ray was not in, but before she could hang up the receiver, de Mar had grabbed the phone out of her hands, it is said. He asked Miss Aronson to drive back to New York with them, but Miss Aronson said she couldn't.

An affidavit of the chauffeur who drove the two to Atlantic City states that they were registered as Mr. and Mrs. Ray.

Less than two weeks later, Carnevale received a report that his wife and de Mar were sunbathing on the roof of the Central Park West apartment. With two friends he dropped in and looked over the ardent seekers of health from the sun's rays. Then he called on Attorney Barron and the divorce papers were drawn up and filed.

According to Miss Ray's attorney, all misunderstandings between the young couple arose from the fact that Mrs. Carnevale was entirely too expensive a piece of property for her husband to maintain. Unwilling or unable to support her extravagances, he trumped up a divorce suit, declares Claire's lawyer.

In her efforts to get $500 a week alimony, Claire swore that in the six months they lived together, Carnevale spent $40,000 on her. Her affidavit says:

"During these six months the plaintiff purchased gifts for your deponent by way of a chinchilla wrap and a mink coat of the value of approximately $15,000, expended for the care and maintenance of a Rolls-Royce automobile, and generally expended at the rate of $2,000 monthly for rent and other expenses."

"How could I, on $125 a week?" counters Carnevale.

It would seem worse than the German reparations muddle.

He adds that he couldn't even pay for the upkeep of the Rolls-Royce and urged her to sell it, but she said she couldn't get along without a Rolls-Royce. As to the $15,000 coats, he says that if she has a chinchilla coat, he never paid for it. He admits buying her, on the installment plan, a $1,000 mink coat, jaying $125 a month for it to one Joe Greene of Washington Heights.

As to the 26-carat diamond ring mentioned by Justice Schmuck, that was a present to Claire from de Mar, her new boy friend, says Carnevale.

Claire's friends, by the way, agree with the Justice that it will be a long time before she "feels the pangs of actual distress."

To Save Nature's Original "Teddy Bear"—the Australian Koala

FOR the past 20 years Australians have watched the most amusing and most amiable animal inhabitant of that continent diminish in number until the creature seemed destined to join the limbo of extinct species. This amusing and amiable resident of the Australian "bush" is the koala, nature's original "Teddy Bear."

Little "Fluff," One of the Prettiest of Australia's Animals, Whose Family Is Rapidly Becoming Extinct.

The rapid passing of the koala at last has aroused not only scientists but citizens in general, and the little bear now appears to have better than an even chance of being among those present in the centuries to come.

Scientists have long been keenly interested in the living "Teddy Bear" because he is found nowhere except in certain sections of Eastern Australia, because he lives on a very restricted diet of gum-tree leaves and because he is a diminutive and distant cousin of the kangaroo. They would like to keep the koala alive to observe and study, because he may throw important light on the origin and development of certain species of animals extinct and living.

As in the case of many other species of birds and beasts that have disappeared from the earth, hunters seeking sport were largely responsible for the threatened extinction of the koala.

Back in 1927 one section of Australia declared open season on the bears which, in previous years, had been protected by law. Ten thousand hunting licenses were taken out in a single month and more than 584,000 of the animals were shot down from their lofty perches. And this number did not include some 200,000 koala youngsters which were being carried around in their mothers' pouches.

An army of trappers caught many more thousands of the animals and sent their pelts to the fur markets of the world. In one year 30,000 koala skins were put into fur coats and neckpieces which sold in this country for "genuine wombat."

Along with the hunters and trappers came the lumbermen to make the koala's fight for existence more difficult. Thousands of acres of gum trees were cut down and the bears that depended on these trees for food had to migrate to other parts.

© FOX PHOTOS

The Cute Little "Teddy Bears," Native to Australia and Extremely Difficult to Rear in Captivity. Mr. Noel Burnet Has Succeeded in Experiments Calculated to Preserve the Species.

If the living "Teddy Bears" were not restricted by nature to an exclusive diet of two kinds of gum-tree leaves they would have a much better chance of surviving without the assistance of men interested in their welfare. But of the more than 300 different species of gum trees in eastern Australia, only two species have leaves that the koala can live on.

The first attempts to breed the bears in captivity proved unsuccessful and it was only after long and costly experiment by government scientists and individuals that the secret of keeping koalas healthy and happy was discovered.

A man named Noel Burnet, having interested himself in salvaging the bears, captured two pairs of them and established them in a small reservation on which there was a grove of various kinds of gum trees. He lost two of the bears before he discovered that they were starving to death for want of proper food. He found out which kind of leaves they needed and had quantities of these leaves shipped to him. He also planted several of the trees in his private preserve.

Gentle, Affectionate but Very Timid Are These Little Fellows, Known as Koalas, but That Has Not Spared Them From Predatory Hunters.

Finally a larger preserve was set apart at Pennant Hills, near Sydney, where there were many of the right sort of gum trees in a plot of 40 acres. Here, for the first time, the koala was successfully bred in captivity. The sanctuary now numbers 25 husky, healthy bears.

Several similar sanctuaries have been established by private individuals, and it is believed that experiments now being made in these places will save the little "Teddy Bears" from extinction.

At birth a koala is about an inch long and weighs only a few ounces. It is carried in its mother's pouch—in the same manner that the kangaroo totes its young—for many weeks and is much more dependent than the young of most fur-bearing animals. It is seldom that a full-grown koala weighs more than 20 pounds.

The little bears are easily domesticated and make amusing pets. They are much less active than dogs and prefer perching in trees to walking about on the ground. Their fur is very thick and soft and their eyes are as bright as buttons.

The female koala bears only one youngster at a time and is extremely fond of its offspring. Ordinarily timid and afraid of human beings, a female koala in her native habitat will attack viciously in an effort to save her baby from harm.

Lost a Suit, Then Became Judge—Jury, and Her Husband's Executioner

WHEN Judge William J. Emerson, sitting in Stevenson County court house, at Freeport, Illinois, decided that Mrs. Vera Witte was not entitled to separate maintenance, he read his opinion to the woman and William Witte, her 53-year-old husband, and considered the case closed.

The disgruntled plaintiff had other ideas about the matter, however, and walked out of the courtroom determined to settle the case once and for all and in a manner that would eliminate her husband from her life as she knew no judge or jury ever would do in a simple divorce case.

Without so much as a glance at Mr. Witte she left the chamber, walked down the wide steps of the building and stepped into her automobile. She did not drive away but waited until she saw her husband emerge from the courthouse. Just before he reached the sidewalk she started her motor and ran the car slowly along the curb a little abreast of the successful litigant.

Suddenly she stopped the car, stepped quickly to the sidewalk and confronted Mr. Witte, a revolver gripped in her right hand. She held the muzzle close to him and fired three times. He fell with a groan and several passersby rushed to the scene. They grabbed Mrs. Witte and took the gun away from her. But she had achieved her purpose, for all of the bullets had taken effect and the man who won in the hall of justice lost his fight on the sidewalk in front of it. He was dead.

Mrs. Witte offered no resistance to her captors nor to the officers who took her to jail, where she was held on a charge of first-degree murder. She seemed actually pleased at the success of her scheme to play the triple role of judge, jury and executioner.

ACME - Photo

Mrs. Vera Witte, of Freeport, Ill., Who Killed Her Husband When She Failed to Win a Maintenance Suit Against Him.

The dramatic shooting was the culmination of a series of bitter disputes which began a month after the 53-year-old engineer married his 30-year-old wife in May, 1930. Both had been married before and Witte had two grown sons.

The couple indulged in hot-headed arguments and violent rows when they had been living together only a few weeks, and Witte, feeling that he had made a grave mistake in taking a second plunge into matrimony, brought suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty. The court heard all the evidence and refused to grant him a divorce.

Feeling that she and her second husband were incompatible and angered by his attempt to divorce her so soon after their wedding, Mrs. Witte engaged a lawyer and asked the courts to separate her from her spouse—and make him pay for the separation.

The divorce laws of Illinois lack much of the liberal interpretation possible in the divorce laws of Nevada and, after listening to days of argument and counter-argument, Judge Emerson decided that Mrs. Witte's grievances did not warrant the granting of a decree of separate maintenance.

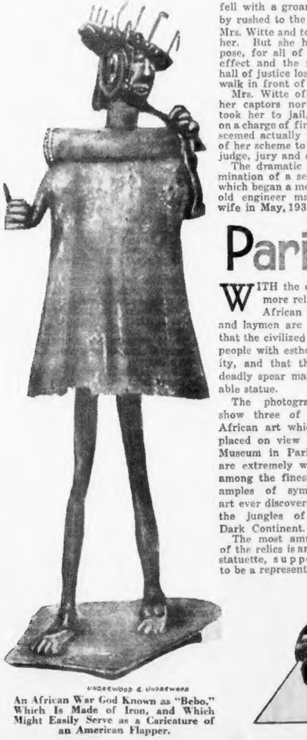
It was then that the woman made up her mind to take the law into her own hands. Apparently she had come to court prepared to do this in the event that "justice" was denied her, for after her arrest she admitted to the sheriff that she had "slept with a gun under her pillow."

It is likely that she will spend the rest of her life behind the bars.

The day when a man, or woman, could become a law unto himself, or herself, is gone along with a lot of other swashbuckling notions that were rampant in the West and Midwest a few generations ago. In these more or less civilized times a citizen who becomes so unsocial as to reverse a decision of the court with a pistol, or a knife, pays for his violent behavior with execution, or a term behind the bars.

Mrs. Witte apparently has no regrets for the cold-blooded murder of her husband, and is quite willing to pay the stiff price for so dramatically playing the triple role of judge, jury and executioner.

Paris Exhibits Weird Works of Savage Art



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

An African War God Known as "Bebo," Which Is Made of Iron, and Which Might Easily Serve as a Caricature of an American Flapper.

WITH the discovery of more and more relics of native art in the African wilds, scientists, artists and laymen are coming to understand that the civilized races are not the only people with esthetic impulses and ability, and that the hand that hurls a deadly spear may also carve a creditable statue.

The photographs on this page show three of several examples of African art which recently were placed on view in the Trocadero Museum in Paris. All of these are extremely well done and are among the finest examples of symbolic art ever discovered in the jungles of the Dark Continent.

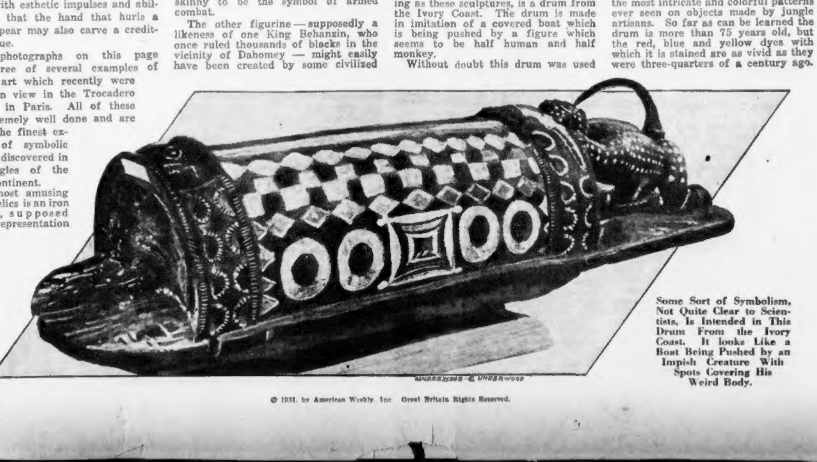
The most amusing of the relics is an iron statuette, supposed to be a representation of a tribal war god named "Bebo." Just what part "Bebo" played among the people who worshipped him along with other deities is not known, but to the European and American art lovers he seems a bit too skinny to be the symbol of armed combat.

The other figurine — supposedly a likeness of one King Behanzin, who once ruled thousands of blacks in the vicinity of Dahomey — might easily have been created by some civilized modernist. The king must have been a great swimmer, because the sculptor who reproduced him in sculpture invested the statue with a pair of idealized fins.

Quite different, but just as interesting as these sculptures, is a drum from the Ivory Coast. The drum is made in imitation of a covered boat which is being pushed by a figure which seems to be half human and half monkey.

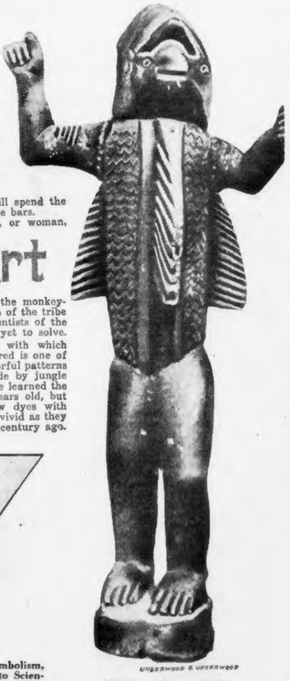
Without doubt this drum was used in tribal rites, but what the monkey-man stands for in the lore of the tribe is a mystery that the scientists of the Trocadero Museum have yet to solve.

The decorative design with which the drum is entirely covered is one of the most intricate and colorful patterns ever seen on objects made by jungle artisans. So far as can be learned the drum is more than 75 years old, but the red, blue and yellow dyes with which it is stained are as vivid as they were three-quarters of a century ago.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Some Sort of Symbolism, Not Quite Clear to Scientists, Is Intended in This Drum From the Ivory Coast. It looks Like a Boat Being Pushed by an Impish Creature With Spots Covering His Weird Body.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

This Is a Statue of King Behanzin, of Dahomey, Africa, the King Being a Sort of Deity. He Must Have Been a Great Swimmer, as His Fins Seem to Indicate.

Mysterious Mabel Boll's Past No Longer a Mystery

The Marriage of America's "Queen of Diamonds" to Count de Porceri Reveals Among Other Things That She Gives Pa and Ma $50 a Week as Long as Pa Doesn't Work in a Speakeasy—But Could She Have Been Only 12 Years Old When First Married?

"The Queen of Diamonds," a Dry Point Portrait of Mabel Boll by the Count Alexander Rzewuski.

A Miniature of Mabel by Mayendorff Before She Bobbed Her Hair.

A Caricature of Mabel by the Famous French Cartoonist, Sem.

Mabel Boll, Now the Countess de Porceri, After Her Marriage in Paris, Showing the Fascinating Eyes and Smile That Won Her $1,000,000 Worth of Jewels in a Four-Day Honeymoon.

As a Collector of Jewels, Mabel Is the Only Rival of Peggy Joyce, Who Is Shown at the Right With Some of Her Priceless Pearls Ornamenting Her Back, While, Above, Mabel Points to Some of Her Equally Famous Collection.

Mabel With Her New Husband, Count de Porceri.

MABEL BOLL, known as the "Queen of Diamonds" because she collected one million dollars' worth of them from a four-day honeymoon, and famous for many other things, including her mysterious friendship for Charles A. Levine, the first trans-Atlantic aeroplane passenger, has now married Count Henry de Porceri.

The marriage was in Paris. The Count is Polish, but he is a naturalized American citizen, which theoretically divests him and his wife of any titles. But who cares? That won't prevent Mabel from painting the noble crest on her automobile when she visits her mother and father in Rochester, New York. And when she gets inside their modest home she can dazzle their eyes with a real coronet set with some of her million dollars' worth of diamonds.

Of all feminine celebrities "Mysterious Mabel" is the least talkative about her past, which has to be pieced together from what can be dug up, like the past of a cave woman, and sometimes the records conflict. For instance the bride, the other day, gave her age as 32, which is mysterious because she has a son 19. By simple arithmetic this would indicate that lovely Mabel had been a mother at 13 years and had married at about 12, which would make her a rather precocious child.

However, it is all right. Mabel does not use simple arithmetic in collecting diamonds or estimating ages. Among the notable personages she has met is Professor Albert Einstein, who has explained that time sometimes reverses itself and that everything is relative and not what it appears to be. What could be more relative and reversible than a woman's age? The Count, who gave his age as 43 (ordinary arithmetic), used to be a blond once and probably would be now if he were not baldheaded. Mabel seems to like them that way because Levine and many others of her friends had large wide-open spaces on top of their skulls.

Mabel, whenever she may have been born, is said to have been educated in a convent but to have left it early for the stage. Before her beauty had time to get her into the "Follies" she graduated from the stage into matrimony, marrying Robert Scott, an American business man, in Paris. According to the records this was 22 years ago and, if it were not for Prof. Einstein's higher or lower mathematics, one would think that, if she is only 32 today, she must have been ten years old when she married 22 years ago. Their son Robert Scott, Jr., who gives his age as 19, lives with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Boll, at Rochester, New York. The Scotts were divorced after eight years and nobody seems to know if Mr. Scott is still alive or not.

Mrs. Scott began to blossom out steadily and mysteriously with diamonds, almost from the day she left the convent but she did not become a first page celebrity until 1922, when there arrived in Paris a mysterious South American under the names of Hernando Rocha and Hernando Rocha Schloss. Rocha was an attractive looking man and millions seemed to ooze from every pocket. At first it was rumored that he was another of those South American presidents who show up in Pairs with most of the funds of some little wild-eyed republic in their pockets. But he turned out to be only a wealthy Colombian ranch owner, spending his own money.

All the professional beauties of Paris set their caps for this golden gentleman, but Mabel put on all her diamonds, snatched him right from under their noses and married him. This was not remarkable, because Mabel has a way with men. When she looks provokingly at a man he is quite likely to forget his business, his wife and other cares and want to begin life all over again. Peggy Joyce is said to have complained that Mabel took half a dozen perfectly good wealthy men away from her just to show that she could do it.

The mysterious part about this wedding was that it was so short and sweet. The honeymoon lasted only four days, after which the bride and groom parted, apparently never to be reunited in this life. However, Rocha stated that they had been four glorious days and proved it by handing Mabel a million dollars' worth of jewelry, mostly diamonds. The bride said he had been very sweet and, at the rate of a quarter million a day, nobody could deny it.

Rocha was killed in an automobile accident in Italy without explaining why they had interrupted such a happiness, and Mabel never talks about her past or future.

Between these marriages Mabel was getting to be a rather familiar figure not only in Paris but in New York's night life and at Florida beach resorts. For a while she appeared with 33 bracelets on one arm, completely covering it from shoulder to wrist. This unusual modesty attracted considerable attention. At this time she was known as "Mibsie" or "Nibsie" Bock, Bach, Bachs or Bache. She has repeatedly denied that she ever married a man by any of these names or bothered to explain why they were fastened on her.

But a year or so ago she admitted in a court hearing in New York that about 1918 she had been known in Dallas, Texas, as Mabel Bachs. A Dallas jewelry firm was unkind enough to sue her for the cost of a diamond lavalliere which they said she had bought but never paid for. She swore that the bauble had been presented to her by Lieutenant Albert Bachs. Under persistent questioning she admitted she had been known in Dallas as Mabel Bachs.

Under that or a similar name she was also known to society reporters in Florida and along Broadway. She frequented the gayest places and always wore jewelry that made her conspicuous. She was a regular attendant at the old Madison Square Garden prize fights before it was fashionable for women to go to the bouts.

In the past eight or ten years she has spent most of her time abroad. Many stories have been cabled to America about threatened jewel robberies, her spectacular encounters with her deadly rival, Peggy Joyce, and her adventures with various celebrities.

But it was not until she became linked with Charles A. Levine, the trans-Atlantic flier, that she came into real world-wide fame.

With the searchlight of publicity plying on herself nearly all the time, the "Queen of Diamonds" nevertheless insists that her father and mother keep out of the public eye and give no interviews. They obey her wishes because the present Countess sends them $50 a week. One of the strings attached to that fifty is that Mr. Boll must not work in a speakeasy. He doesn't. Having lived so many years in the gayest of night life, Mabel's ears are not exactly shocked at the sound of popping champagne corks but she won't have her father in the business.

The reason that she fears that he might be tempted to tinker with the "noble experiment" is because until Prohibition closed the saloons and opened the speakeasies he was a bartender for eighteen years with considerable reputation for skill in mixing drinks. As that is the only skilled labor he knows, and his famous daughter has forbidden it, he spends most of his time fishing.

Neither he nor his wife can understand how a daughter of theirs has become rich and famous apparently without any effort except to always be present wherever there are exceptionally good things to eat, drink and see. When asked how he acounted for it, Mr. Boll who is not allowed to talk for publication about his unusual daughter, only shakes his head and says:

"Isn't Nature wonderful?"

It certainly is in the Boll family. That dazzling appeal that causes diamonds to fairly leap out of men's pockets and fasten themselves on Mabel is not visible in either of her parents. That "IT" popped up from apparently just nowhere in Mabel.

Miss Boll attached herself to Charles A. Levine in Berlin soon after his Columbia monoplane was flown across the Atlantic and landed in Germany by Clarence Chamberlain in 1927. They were seen together at many European resorts. When Levine flew the plane to England and got ready for a trip westward across the ocean, Mabel showed up promptly at the English airport. She offered Levine $25,000 for a seat in the plane. He cheerfully agreed to take her, but Bert Acosta, who was to pilot the flight, objected and is said to have refused to carry her. The proposed flight was abandoned due to the "cracking-up" of the plane by Levine himself, some said. Mabel and Acosta returned to America on the same liner, but they were "not speaking" to each other.

In February of 1928, Wilmer Stultz piloted Levine and Miss Boll in the first non-stop flight from New York to Havana, Cuba. When they returned, Mabel was active in the 1928 crop of prospective ocean fliers. At various times she engaged Acosta, with whom she had now "made-up;" Stulz, Oliver Le Boutillier and others to fly her across. Something always happened to prevent the trip.

In May she was sued by two of Levine's firms for $20,000 borrowed money and unpaid balance on an expensive automobile. Levine stopped the suits and loaned his veteran plane Columbia to Miss Boll for the trans-Atlantic hop. With Le Boutillier and Arthur Argles she actually flew from Roosevelt field, New York, to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on the first leg. She was awaiting favorable weather for a take-off when she was stunned to hear that Amelia Earhart had been flown to Wales by Wilmer Stultz. Balked at being the first woman to fly to Europe, Mabel returned to New York in tears and "not speaking" to Le Boutillier, whom some way she held responsible for her discomfiture.

Mrs. Levine, with miraculous patience, stayed home while the papers brought to her news and pictures of her husband's exploits in various parts of the world with the "Queen of Diamonds." When he got into jail in Austria charged with attempting to counterfeit currency, it was his patient little wife, way off in America, who cabled the bail to get him out, and not Gorgeous Mabel, who was right nearby and had only to pawn one or two of her diamoids. Yet, when wifey had gotten him out of trouble, Mabel joined him again and returned to America on the same boat. The three chatted pleasantly on the pier at New York.

A little later when Levine made a mysterious disappearance with the New York authorities wishing to ask how some hypothecated securities got into his possession, Mrs. Levine became disgusted, went to Europe on the Roma, accompanied by Lawyer George Henry Goodman, who was supposed to help her get a divorce in Paris. However, Levine turned up there, too, and the divorce was called off.

Mrs. Levine returned to America but her husband stayed on and Mabel Boll turned up, causing everyone to say "Aha!" But Aha was wrong. The little bald-headed American flier was now seen with a new and entirely strange blonde.

This was the psychological moment for a bald-headed man to make an impression on piqued Mabel. History teaches that great moments produce the right man for the moment and it happened in this case.

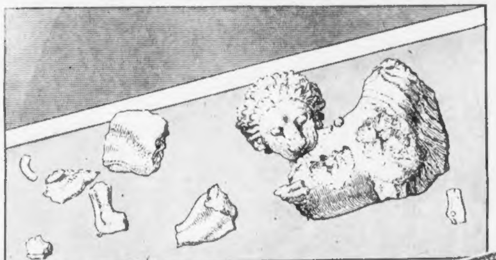
There appeared a bald-headed man who was also an American citizen and has a title.

This unusual combination of assets presented itself in the noble form of Count Henry de Porceri, of Poland and New York City, and when he asked Mabel to change her title from "Queen of Diamonds" to a real Countess, she could not refuse. They were married quietly by the Mairie of the Eighth Arrondisement of Paris, that is, as quietly as Mabel can do anything. As witnesses there were American Vice Consul H. Tewis Huhn and Baron De Roztocki.

And, as for that Charlie Levine person, he needn't think he is the only bald-headed pebble on the beach.

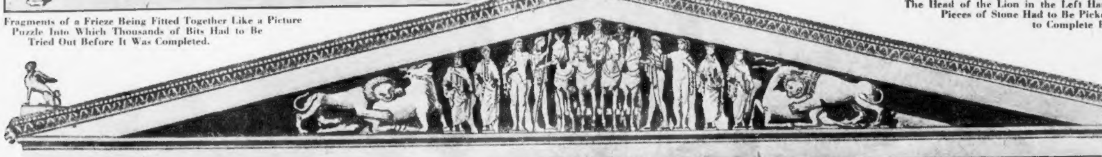
Rebuilding Ancient Greece's Most Mysterious Temple

Archeologists Patiently Fitting Together Thousands of Broken Fragments of Stone to Restore the Historic Shrine Where the God Apollo "Spoke" Through the Lips of Gas-Drunken Priestesses Who Swayed the Fates of Kings and Nations



Fragments of a Frieze Being Fitted Together Like a Picture Puzzle Into Which Thousands of Bits Had to Be Tried Out Before It Was Completed.

The Head of the Lion in the Left Hand Corner of the Frieze: Over 50 Pieces of Stone Had to Be Picked Out and Fitted Together to Complete His Body.



A Restoration of the Eastern Frieze: At the Extreme Left of the Panel Is Seen the Completed Figure of the Lion and Bull Shown Above in Fragments.

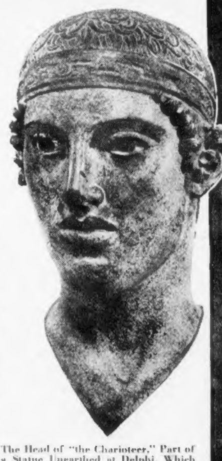
The Head of a Horse on the Same Frieze, Which Took Many Months of Selection of Fragments to Complete.

ATHENS, Greece, Aug. 7.

ARCHEOLOGISTS engaged in the reconstruction of ancient Delphi, in Greece, have just completed what is perhaps the most extraordinary and intricate work of restoration ever attempted. In reconstructing the Temple of Apollo, the most mysterious of ancient shrines, they have studied thousands of fragments, put them together as children do the blocks of picture puzzles, and then set in place statues which formed the frieze above the two porticoes of this building.

It has been a work which has taken years of patient expert study, but now, except for the ravages of time, the groups are as they originally were over 2,000 years ago when the priestess of the God Apollo sat upon the tripod in the Holy of Holies, inhaled the fumes of volcanic gas, grew drunk upon it and, while in this condition, answered questions put to her by anxious rulers. And what the priestess told them changed the destinies of kings and nations of that ancient world.

All the Greek states brought one-tenth of the spoils they captured in war to enrich the shrine of Apollo, so that whichever side lost, the god always won. Around the Temple were the treasures in which the states kept hoards of wealth, usually in the form of solid gold statues, which served as a last reserve in time of war and protected them from financial disturbances like the one which has been afflicting Europe.



The Head of "the Charioteer," Part of a Statue Unearthed at Delphi, Which Is Said to Be the Finest Bronze of Antiquity.

The archeologists were aided by the detailed and vivid description left by Pausanias, the old Greek historian, which enabled them to recognize the most interesting objects buried in Delphi.

The excavators first found a lion's head with its teeth fastened in what appeared to be part of a bull.

It was learnt from old Pausanias that this group formed part of the eastern pediment or decoration above the door. Then a part of the lion's tail was dug up and placed in the right position. After that thousand of fragments were studied and tried out in place until finally the group was completed. It showed the lion fiercely chewing the back of the bull.

The group of another lion devouring a deer was worked out by setting up the body of the beast and studying how it must have held its prey. It was decided that the lion caught the deer in flight, threw it to the earth and held it with its two front paws, breaking its back. In time two very spirited groups of statuary were completed. A few portions that had been destroyed were replaced by cement. A similar process was repeated over and over again with other statues.

Sometimes they dug up whole men, women and horses, sometimes just a fragment, a foot or part of a leg. Everything had to be put together with profound thought, for the experts of the whole world were watching the enterprise and any mistake would surely be sharply criticized. At last the entire outside of the Temple was replaced with all its beautiful statuary in a way that excites the admiration of all artists who have seen the finished result.

The experts of the mission have a record of every scrap of marble that was picked up and a reason for placing it where they have.

In one place they picked up what was plainly the fore quarters of a horse, but it had only the stump of the right leg. It was seen from the angle of the stump that the horse was standing still and so they had to search for a straight leg. It was sculptured to show a three-quarter view, and this had to be taken into consideration. Piece by piece they picked up the fragments of the leg down to the hoof and at last the beast was completed. This sort of thing had to be done over thousands of times to build up different groups and figures.

The central group in the eastern pediment included a spirited sculpture of a four-horse chariot which had been broken into almost innumerable pieces and widely scattered. After a long hunt the fine head and neck of one horse belonging to the group was found. This was the starting point from which the whole creation was rebuilt. A fragment of the chariot showed that it faced forward. The horse must have faced in the same direction, but its head was turned slightly to the left. Pieces of the legs of the horses, a knee, a hoof and so on, were gathered together until it was possible to reconstruct the whole group with the help of some artistic imagination and a little cement.

The human figures on this pediment were unfortunately badly broken, but a fairly complete torso of one splendid male figure was recovered and after that a fragment of the right leg gave a clue to the pose of the warrior. Other bits of torsos, arms and legs were gradually assembled and the great chariot group was completed.

There were other human figures besides those in the chariot. A feminine statue of great interest was dug up and restored to her proper position near the chariot.

The reconstruction of the Western front was particularly difficult, as the sculptures were broken into thousands of fragments and widely scattered. Only one of the large statues belonging here was found near the original position. This was Athena, the guardian goddess of Athens, represented as a combatant in action wearing the cloak called "himation." It was learned that Athena was represented in battle with giants, and this was the clew to the reconstruction. Her opponent, it was learned, was Enceladus, upon whom she flung the Island of Sicily as he fled, according to mythology. Figure by figure the group was built up from the scattered fragments of marble, with the help of history and legend.

The Pythoness or Priestess of Apollo Sitting on the Sacred Tripod in the Temple Now Being Restored at Delphi, and Giving the God's Message to a Pair of Personages Who Have Come to Consult the Oracle—And Evidently From Their Attitude, It Was Not a Cheerful Message.

From the Painting by Motte.

Part of a Statue of the Goddess Athena, the Guardian of Athens, Found at Delphi.

When the right to excavate Delphi was first acquired by the French Government in 1891, it was necessary to purchase the modern town of Kastri which had grown up over the ancient ruins. Ever since then scholars and workmen have been restoring under direction of the distinguished archeologist, M. Theophile Homolle, so that travelers may see Delphi just as it was at the end of the sixth century B. C., when it was at the height of its glory.

No shafts or tunnels were sunk, as has been done with many excavations, but each layer of soil was carefully sifted, so that not a single fragment should escape the eye of the expert. Whenever a fragment was found it was photographed just where it lay. This helped to establish its relation to other fragments.

One thousand workmen were employed on the undertaking and were divided into parties, each under the direction of a skilled archeologist, who took care that every shovelful of earth was sifted for relics. The area of excavation covered more than a square mile and the soil had to be removed to the depth of a hundred feet. The debris of more than thirty centuries had accumulated on this classic site.

The Temple of Apollo was rebuilt six times in ancient days. One building was destroyed by fire in 548 B. C. Then the Alcmaeonids, a famous wealthy family of Athens to which the great Alcibiades belonged, who happened to be living temporarily at Delphi on account of trouble at home, rebuilt the Temple in a very splendid manner. They generously substituted the finest Parian marble for the comparatively cheap stone called "poros" which had been specified in the contract. The undertaking cost them the equivalent of $2,225,000 in modern money. This building was destroyed by fire in 400 B .C., and then the last of the Temples was erected.

The Temple had a beautiful outer Doric colonnade and an inner row of Ionic columns enclosing the great central shrine. Here the sacred fire was kept always alight. Beside it was the "omphalos" or center of the earth. Near it was the golden statue of Apollo and the golden eagles of Zeus. Below could be dimly discerned the subterranean cavern from which an intoxicating gas arose.

Upon a column formed of three twining snakes, which were later removed by the Emperor Constantine to Constantinople, where they can still be seen, there stood a golden tripod. On this was a golden cauldron and in it sat the pale, wild Pythian priestess inhaling the fumes and writhing strangely as she uttered mysterious sentences in her intoxication. These were interpreted by the priests for the benefit of the kings and statesmen who came here for advice.

The oracle suffered a tremendous setback in prestige at the time Xerxes, the Persian King, brought his immense army for the conquest of Greece. Knowing from their scouts the vast numbers of the Persian army the priests counseled submission or flight to the Greeks. They had reckoned without the heroic and seemingly superhuman resistance to be offered by the Spartans and Athenians, who repulsed the Persian horde. After this the Delphic oracle was never looked up to with quite the same veneration, but the city was a popular place for festivals.

The Emperor Nero visited Delphi and became angered when the priests told him he would have trouble over a woman. He thought they were rudely referring to the fact that he had murdered his mother. He tried to burn the Temple and actually stole 500 of its finest pieces of sculpture. Eventually it was destroyed in a barbarian invasion.

A somewhat similar work is the restoration of the Parthenon at Athens, which was as sacred to the ancient Athenians as Westminster Abbey to the English. The beautiful Temple was partially destroyed in 1687 by a gunpowder explosion while the Turks were being besieged by the Venetians. The Turks used the Parthenon as a powder magazine.

The present restoration consists mainly in replacing the great fallen columns then blown down and replacing those in danger of falling, strengthening the foundations and repairing the architrave. Of the thirty-six columns, eighteen were more or less destroyed on the north side and six completely destroyed on the south side.

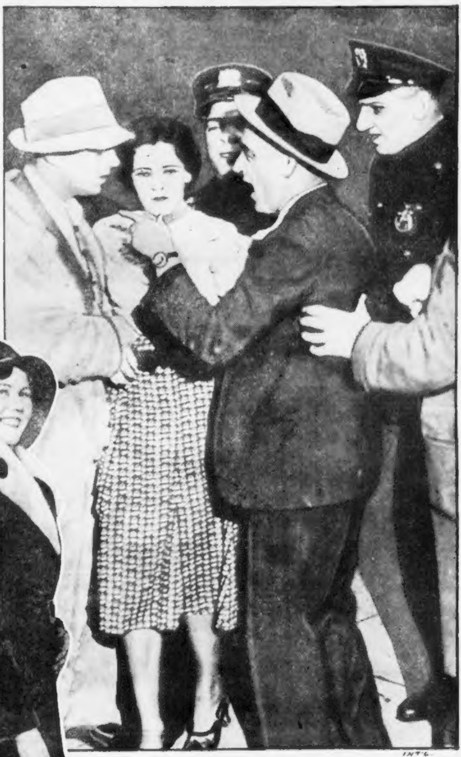
The columns blown down have been placed in position under the direction of Professor Balanos, who is in the service of the Greek Government, and further work is now going on.

How Their Jilted Sweethearts Got Even

Elusive Criminals Recently Brought to Justice Because They Paid No Heed to That Wise Old Observation About the Dangerous Possibilities in the Fury of "A Woman Scorned"

Bernice Shaw, Who, Jilted by Police Sergeant Herdegen, of Chicago, Betrayed Him and Caused Him to Be Sent to Jail.

Mrs. Vivian Scraper, the "Flapper Bandit," Who Betrayed Her Lover Because He Had Broken His Promise to Go to Prison With Her, and Then Had Left Her to Face the Sentence Alone.



The End of Her Gunman Romance—Helen Walsh, for Whom "Two-Gun" Crowley Jilted Billie Dunn, and Thus Brought About His Arrest. Helen Is Seen Surrounded by Police in Plainclothes and Uniform Just After She Was Taken From Crowley's Besieged Apartment.

Billie Dunn, Who Walked Out of Crowley's Flat—And an Hour Later the Police Came After Him.

Mrs. Hedwig Hirsch Brinkman, Whom the Fugitive Nebraska Banker, Paul Wupper, Married When He Had Another Wife Living, and Whose Arrest Promptly Followed His Desertion of Her.

Pearl Burke, Whose Love Affair With "Killer" Nannery, a Notorious Gangster, Caused the Sweetheart Whom He Had Jilted for Pearl to Tip Him Off to the Police.

> *"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,*
> *Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned."*

FOR no other reason than that they thought they could ignore that ancient truth with impunity, many otherwise clever criminals fall into the hands of the authorities, get behind the bars and even into the electric chair.

Being a policeman, Sergeant Jack Herdegen of the Chicago force knew this as well as any poet, for all policemen, in hunting their men, search hopefully for a woman he has scorned.

But Sergeant Herdegen thought his girl, Miss Bernice Shaw, was different. He had knocked all the nonsense out of her and trained her right. She took whatever he chose to give her without question and did as she was told. If he roared and thundered at Bernice, she shrank into a corner and waited meekly till her great, big, dangerous man became good-natured again, glad to get any crumbs of love that fell to her. Herdegen had tried her out times enough and never had she showed her teeth. For instance, he had left her in a Chicago hotel with only seventeen cents and deserted her for weeks.

Bernice borrowed $500 from Jack Zuta, one of the policeman's gangster friends, and patiently waited. When it finally suited her lord and master to send for her again she came without a word of reproach. Surely a man could safely tread on a human worm like that without fear of her turning. He seemed to prove that theory over and over, and then, to his surprise and dismay, found that it was all wrong. She suddenly became the fury he had read about, exposing and ruining him.

What Jack did, that so annoyed his Bernice, was to go back to his wife and five children, deserting her after eight years of profitable partnership. She might have endured that affront possibly if he had not added insult to injury by joining his wife in her $50,000 suit for alienation of affections. Was he going to help the wife take some money away from her, too?

"What's the idea?" she asked him on the telephone when she saw his name on the papers in the suit.

"That is to keep your mouth shut," he snapped. "We are going to get a judgment against you and then, if you do any talking, you'll be thrown into jail."

"Treat 'em rough! Get in the first punch and keep the women in their place," he explained to an admiring friend who wished he knew how to get rich on a sergeant's pay.

Miss Shaw had not intended to talk, but now she did that very thing to deadly purpose. Putting on her bonnet, she ran around to the State's Attorney's office and gave him a complete, inside history of the policeman's interesting career, with the result that he was thrown out of the police force.

It was shown in the investigation of his activities that Sergt. Herdegen collected graft from speakeasy owners, gamblers and operators of vice resorts in two police districts for Jack Zuta. Besides this he was known as a "horseman" or "captain's man" for three different police captains. In other words, when he was not collecting for Zuta he was "shaking down" keepers of speakeasies and vice resorts for his captains.

She told how he rented expensive apartments and lavished on her diamonds and sapphire necklaces for which he paid thousands while "he was making the money in the district." Later, she explained, she pawned many of these jewels and sold an automobile when Herdegen was transferred downtown on traffic duty where he had no opportunity to make any money over and above his salary.

Getting down to his collecting, the young woman testified:

"I would ride all over the district with him and he would go in and collect. One time I had so much money I didn't even bother counting it. Another time he came into the hotel and threw something tied into a newspaper on the floor. He said, 'When you get time straighten those things up.' It was a bunch of paper money—900 $1 bills."

Miss Shaw told all to the grand jury despite the fact that, she said, she had been threatened with being "put on the "spot" if she squealed on Herdegen.

Paul Wupper is serving a 110-year term in the Nebraska penitentiary because he left the wife he had bigamously married and she had him arrested for desertion. Of course, he did not get this extraordinary sentence for wife desertion, or even for bigamy. He was a banker who had embezzled a million dollars and run away. But he escaped detection for nearly three years and probably would still be free today if he hadn't antagonized his bigamous wife by leaving her.

Wupper, who is 54 years old had been Mayor of Beemer, Nebraska, for twelve years and president of the Beemer State Bank when it collapsed in 1928. He had been unlucky in the stock market and had helped himself to $1,000,000 of the bank's funds.

The banker fled to Philadelphia, changed his name to Frederick Brinkman, got a job and married Hedwig Hirsch, although he had a wife and two daughters in Nebraska. Early this year he lost his job. Having successfully deserted one wife, he thought he could do it again. But he was mistaken. Mrs. Brinkman, as she thought she was, trailed him to New York and had him arrested for desertion. The police had made a world-wide search for Banker Wupper and were naturally highly pleased when wife-deserter Brinkman turned out to be the missing gentleman. The second wife added to his troubles by plastering a charge of bigamy on him in addition to all the other charges.

He was taken back to Nebraska where he pleaded guilty to twenty charges of forgery in connection with the looting of the bank of which he was president for twenty years. Nebraska in a State which boasts of the tallest corn, the largest cattle and the biggest potatoes, so the judge to be consistent imposed the longest sentence he could, 110 years, which Mr. Wupper thinks is a long time between drinks.

When Mr. Joseph "Spot" Leahy deserted his wife in New York for other women, she foolishly told him that if he did not come back she would tell the police what she knew about him, which was plenty. Leahy had been arrested 36 times for rum-running, bootlegging and other gainful pursuits of a disapproved character, but only served short sentences. Recently he had shot it out with the police, but they could get nothing on him but a couple of bullet holes in his body.

His wife's threat, if executed, would put him behind the curtains for a long time, so he came back to her in a hurry and closed her mouth forever by beating her to death. This did not do him much good, because in a few days he was picked up in New Jersey and must now stand trial for his life in New York.

Cecil Streit, of Topeka, Kansas, was sent up by his sweetheart, Vivian Scraper, not because he had yet been untrue to her, but because he broke his promise to plead guilty with her so they would be released from prison on the same day.

Single-handed and in broad daylight she despoiled two messengers of a security company of a $14,000 payroll and escaped with it. But she took two women into her confidence, they talked too much and the police descended on the flat occupied by Streit and Vivian, arrested her and recovered most of the money. Streit was found sometime later, but stoutly denied he had even known of his sweetheart's holdup plans. Brought to trial, he pleaded not guilty.

Vivian had already been convicted and was serving an indeterminate sentence. When she learned that Streit had broken his promise to plead guilty and share her term of punishment so that they could leave prison together and pick up the broken threads of their romance, she became the "woman scorned." Repudiating her previous testimony, she appeared at Streit's trial and swore that he had suggested the holdup in the first place and had planned every move that she made. The jury believed her, found Streit guilty, and he was sentenced to serve ten years in prison.

For two years after his escape from Sing Sing and two mile swim down the icy waters of the Hudson, the police sought in vain for James "Killer" Nannery. He was a smart criminal and made only one mistake. He should not have deserted his old sweetheart, Helen Lorraine. But while he was in Sing Sing, Helen's beauty had faded somewhat and he took up with the younger, red-haired Pearl Smith Burke.

Nannery employed his freedom in a series of bank robberies and hold-ups, lavishing the profits on Pearl instead of Helen, who became a woman scorned and gave the New Jersey police important information, including the number of the "Killer's" car.

One Sunday as they were driving around New Jersey, Pearl needed a lipstick and Nannery stopped in front of a drug store in Morristown while she ran in to get one. Fortunately for the police, he stopped in a "No Parking" zone. A traffic policeman was bearing down on him to chase him away when he was electrified to see the much-wanted license number—V2880. He cautiously approached the car, stuck his gun in the killer's side and arrested him. Within a few days he was returned to Sing Sing to serve the remainder of a long term.

A few weeks ago in New York City, Francis "Two-Gun" Crowley, youthful slayer of a Long Island policeman, was captured in the most spectacular police battle of a generation. It took 300 policemen with blazing revolvers, machine guns and tear bombs to break into the flat where Crowley was hiding with his newest sweetie, Helen Walsh, and his pal in crime, Rudolph "Fat" Duringer. Helen's and Fat's part in the battle, it developed later, was to hide in closets and under the bed.

The flat had been occupied jointly by Crowley and Billie Dunn, a dance-hall girl. After Crowley, on a Long Island petting party with 16-year-old Helen Walsh, shot and killed Policeman Frederick Hirsch, he took Helen to Billie's flat to hide. Billie did not care much for the arrangement. She stood it for a couple of days, then said she was "going out for a minute." She never came back and an hour later the police arrived.

Crowley was sentenced to the electric chair on the testimony of Helen Walsh, who experienced a change of heart after their arrest. Billie Dunn did not testify—she had done her part in capturing him. Duringer was also sentenced to die for the murder a few days earlier of Virginia Brannen, another dance hall hostess. Crowley was with Duringer during the killing and both went to Billie Dunn's to hide. The first time he ventured out, Crowley met Helen Walsh and killed the policeman when he interrupted their petting party. And Billie Dunn did the rest.

None of these women have been "bumped off" for their vengeance because infidelity is the one justification the gangs recognize for betraying a man to the police.

GOOD . . they've got to be good!

Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"

Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos—the best that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burns evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

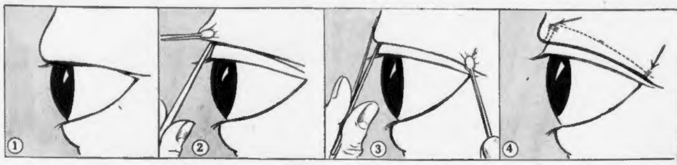
Chesterfield

EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"

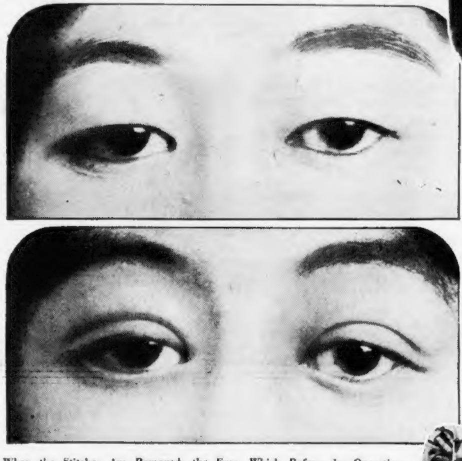
© 1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Jap Women Having Their Almond-Shaped Eyes Made Over

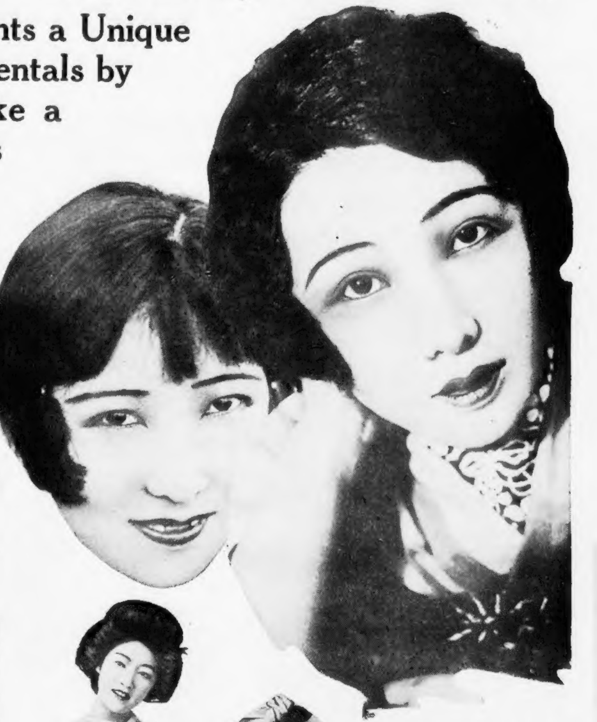
Dr. Uchida, Prominent Tokio Surgeon, Invents a Unique Operation Which Builds Eyelids on Orientals by Putting a Tuck in Them, Just Like a Dressmaker Does With a Dress



(1) The Japanese Eye, Showing the Heavy Fatty Eyelid Which Droops Over It, Giving the Characteristic "Almond-Shaped" Effect. (2) The First Stage of Dr. Uchida's Operation—the Eyelid Being Pushed Up and Folded Over. (3) The Completed Fold Which Removes the "Almond-Shape" and Gives the Double Eyelid. (4) The Fold Sewed in Place at the Center of the Eyelid and at the Two Corners of the Eye.



When the Stitches Are Removed, the Eyes, Which Before the Operation Appeared as in the First Photograph, Are as Shown in the Photograph Directly Above—Both Photographs Are Those of the Same Young Japanese Girl Before and After the Operation.



Miss Shizuye Tatsuta, a Popular Japanese Motion Picture Star, Before Dr. Uchida Operated on Her Eyes, and Miss Tatsuta With the "Double Eyelids" and Wide Open Eyes the Doctor's Operation Gave Her.

TOKYO, Aug. 1.

FASCINATED by American moving pictures, the Japanese women not long ago kicked off their felt clogs, threw away their kimonos and adopted western styles of clothes and stopped walking "pigeon-toed."

The Japanese race is short, stoop-shouldered and inclined to be bow-legged. Couldn't something be done about these things, too? The natives of Japan were somewhat discouraged at first to learn that the white missionary's Bible contained an adverse answer. It told them that no man by giving heed could increase his stature by so much as a cubit.

Nevertheless, by giving heed to athletics and using chairs instead of sitting cross-legged on the floor Japanese boys and girls did manage to raise their shoulders, straighten out their legs and considerably increase their stature.

At the same time plastic surgeons altered the flat shape of the Japanese nose to look like those of Hollywood picture heroes and heroines. They had permanent waves, bobbed hair, plucked eyebrows and everything else they saw on the screen—and yet one thing spoiled it all, preventing them from resembling these western models in the slightest. Always there remained the slanting "almond" eye, revealing the native of Japan instantly as an oriental.

Now comes Dr. Kozo Uchida of Tokyo, with a quick, simple, painless, inexpensive and yet partly secret operation by which he gives the ladies of Nippon, and many of the men, too, round, wide-open eyes, just like the western ones. In all the world he is the only man who knows how to do it, and his secretary has a long waiting list of Japanese maidens and matrons, impatiently waiting their turn to have the slant taken out and their almond eyes made big and round.

So far Dr. Uchida, who practices in Tokyo and is one of Japan's most eminent eye surgeons, has transformed more than 10,000 pairs of eyes. Nearly 20 per cent of his patients, however, are men because the Japanese youth takes just as much pride in his appearance as an American does and if round eyes are the style he must have them too, but of course the girls got there first.

The operation takes only about five minutes to perform and the cost ranges from fifteen to fifty yen, or about $7.50 to $25, thus placing it within the reach of the working classes. The difference in appearance between the oriental eye, which most people suppose was due to the bony structure of the face and the arrangement of the muscles surrounding the eye, is based on nothing of the kind.

It depends entirely on the amount of fat in the lids. The Chinese, Japanese, Korean and other Mongolian types of eye have an excess of it. The eyelid fat makes the lids tight, causing them to close more tightly over the eye and to seem to slant upward at the corners.

Cutting away excess fat has been tried often enough without much success because the human system stubbornly hastens to replace what the surgeon has removed. Dr. Uchida does not cut it away. He simply takes a tuck in the skin of the eyelids which exerts a constant pressure on the excess fat, prompting Nature to take it away of her own accord.

As to the operation itself, Dr. Uchida goes to work as follows:

First he administers a mild local anaesthetic which he injects at each end and in the center of the patient's eyelid. No cut is made in the skin. This is pushed up slightly and folded over, giving the "double" effect, similar to the European eyelids. This is actually what dressmakers call a "tuck." He then stitches it in the places where the injection has been made (namely, at each end and in the center), much in the same manner as a tailor folds over and sews a piece of material. It is quite painless.

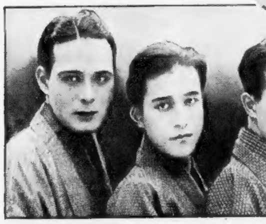
The only secret in the process is the nature of the thread he uses for the stitches. This is his own invention and he states that it is neither silk nor gut. The result, however, is a perfect healing without a scar, for which he uses the German medical term "Verwachsung." In this scarless healing he is helped by a fact which he says every eye surgeon knows well—that the composition of the skin around the eye is entirely different from what it is on any other part of the body, permitting wounds to heal without a trace, which elsewhere on the face or body would leave scars.

After the stitches are taken he paints the eyelids with collodion, which eliminates any marks on the skin. Both eyes are treated at the same time, and the patient is able to leave the hospital unbandaged. The stitches are removed two to four days later, depending upon the healing powers of the particular patient.

There remains just one more after-treatment. The surgeon insists that the patient must come back in a month and have her picture taken. On the doctor's staff, with offices in the same building, is a photographer who takes pictures of all the patients' eyes before and after the operation.

The duty of filing these before-and-after pictures with Dr. Uchida's notes on the back, fell to his wife. Madame Uchida is a charming, modern type of Japanese lady who wears the latest Paris styles and has bobbed hair. After she had studied the first hundred photographs the temptation was too great to resist. She was certainly not going to miss any beauty benefits that her husband was giving to his patients and she didn't. Dr. Uchida found he had a patient from whom he could not possibly hope to collect a fee but her presence in the operating room was certainly a fine testimonial. Like all the other cases, Mme. Uchida's was a perfect success, no return of the unwelcome fat, no infection nor other undesirable after-effects.

Some of his male patients for changing the shape of the eye are white men who were born round-eyed. These men are not interested in being made more beautiful, but are having their faces disguised, and nothing so alters the whole appearance of a face as changing the expression and shape of "the window of the soul."



You Would Think That These Three Young Men Were Hollywood Movie Actors—They Are Really Three Full-Blood Japanese Movie Actors With Their Almond Eyes Changed and Their Noses Remodeled to Conform to Western Standards.

Mostly they are Russians who have fled their country to escape the persecutions of the Soviet dictatorship and would be shot on sight if they should return and be recognized. Nevertheless it is sometimes of vital importance for these victims to go back, find papers or other valuables they hid in their hurried departure or discover the fate of vanished relatives, for more people have been sent to Siberia in the last three years of the Bolshevik regime than in any fifty under the Czars.

By changing the appearance of their eyes Dr. Uchida has made it possible for many of these refugees to return to Russia, pass the scrutiny of its G. P. U. spy system and attend to their business unsuspected. Dr. Uchida says that he could have fixed over the world-notorious countenance of Al Capone so that none of the Chicago police or even rival gangsters would have recognized him. But he will not do this operation unless the patient has a legitimate reason; such as ambition to be more beautiful or fooling the Russian tyrants.

"Very simple, very easy, really nothing to it at all." says Dr. Uchida, who, having done the same thing more than 10,000 times is somewhat bored at telling a correspondent about it. He much preferred to discuss the recent case ot a man because it was unusual, difficult and therefore interesting. This man came to him long after an explosion had burned his face and in healing had completely obliterated one eyebrow leaving him with a countenance that looked like an unfinished portrait of a Japanese gentleman. Where the eyebrow had been, appeared a long white mark of hard scar tissue in which it would be impossible to implant new hair.

WIDE WORLD

A Popular Japanese Dancer of Only Two or Three Years Ago, With the Natural, Oriental "Almond-Eye" and in the Picturesque Dress of Old Japan.

Instead of first destroying this scar, the ingenious surgeon simply tunnelled under it from end to end. Then he shaved a narrow strip of the patient's scalp and cut out a piece the length and width of the mising brow. Next he drew this narrow ribbon of scalp through the tunnel with the hair side out but still covered with that barren layer of scar tissue, through which it could dimly be seen like a hairy caterpiller, under thin ice.

About a week later the surgeon cut away the scar tissue and there was a perfectly natural-looking eyebrow which, under the shelter of the protecting tissue, had firmly grafted itself. As the hair on the top of the head often fails to turn grey at the same age as that on the face, this patient may find himself, some day, with one black eyebrow and the other grey. In that event a little dyeing will match things up nicely.

U. AND U. PHOTO.

A Popular Dancer of Today With Her Eyelids Remodeled and in a Costume Which Not More Than Five Years Ago Would Have Sent Her to Jail.

One bit of "beautification" of the Japanese women which could easily have been done long ago is bleaching their hair or dyeing it red. This, however, has never been perpetrated and probably never will, at least for many years. The reason is that for centuries, on the stage and in paintings of Japan, devils have been indicated by blonde or red hair. This, together with their behavior, was the reason the first white men to open up China and Japan were called "Foreign Devils." As the young Japanese male has no more desire than has an American youth to marry a devil, the hair of Japanese maidens is likely to remain dark indefinitely.

There seems to be little that this surgeon cannot do by way of altering the looks of the human eye. Besides giving a Russian narrow eyes, or making them pop-eyed, he can remove the baggy pouches that sometimes form beneath the lower lid or, if these are not present produce them artificially, giving the person an old and dissipated look. The cause of these pouches again is fat and the method is similar, removal and tucking of the skin. Whether he injects parafine or not to produce them the doctor will not say.

But most extraordinary of all, he claims to be able to change the color of the eye from brown to blue or the reverse. This is done by injecting a small amount of certain chemicals at a point where they will reach the circulation of blood on its way to the iris, that little shutter around the pupil where lies the pigment that gives the eye its color. After Dr. Uchida has done all he knows how to a Russian's face and a plastic surgeon has changed the shape of the patient's nose, not only the police but the man's wife and mother would take him for a stranger, though, of course, finger prints remain as reliable as ever.

Here, indeed, is a plot for a novel, but also for villainy in real life, and therefore Dr. Uchida does not care to reveal the technique of the eye-coloring operation for fear it will fall into the hands of unscrupulous persons who would thus make it possible for criminals to defy arrest.

One of his Russian patients had a nervous affliction, causing a constant twitching of the lids, which he was quite certain had been listed in the G. P. U.'s description of him. Dr. Uchida fixed that by removing certain sections of the skin of the lids and replacing them with grafts from under the arms where the skin is most similar to that around the eyes. The eyelid skin he transferred to the under-arm bare spots. Just why this proceeding affects a nervous condition the surgeon is not sure. He discovered it, he says, accidentally, when he had performed that operation for other reasons on a couple of twitchers and the cure turned up as a pleasant surprise.

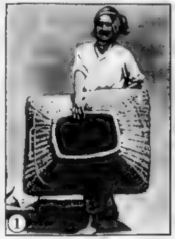
People whose eyes have a fierce, aggressive look are unpopular, especially in Japan where politeness and mildness of manner are taught from childhood. Dr. Uchida frequently operates to cure "angry eyes," giving them a sweet, dove-like expression. He says that the change always sweetens the patient's disposition, because he finds the world friendly instead of hostile to his glance.

—Science Explains the "Magic" of Indian Fakirs—

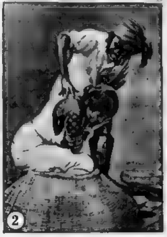
The Miracles the Oriental Magicians Seem to Perform in Front of Your Eyes Are Delusions of the Spectators, Resulting from Breathing Exercises Which Starve the Brain of Its Oxygen Supply for the Moment

Many of the "Supernatural" Mysteries Are Simply Conjurors' Tricks Cleverly Executed, But Requiring Specially Prepared Outfits--The Wonderful Mango Tree, the Basket Trick, the Materialized Child

How the Famous "Basket Trick" Is Done



1—To Show That It Is Not a Trick Construction, the Fakir Displays the Basket to the Audience Before the Performance.

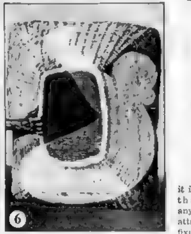


2—After the Preliminaries the Fakir Presses His Assistant Into the Basket, Which Is Seemingly Too Small to Hold a Human Being.

3—After Waving His Arms to "Magic" His Assistant Out of the Basket Into Thin Air, the Fakir Crouches Down Behind the Cloth-Covered Basket and Mutters a Jargon of "Magic Words."

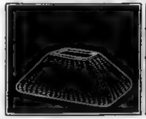
4—After a Few Moments the Fakir Announces That His Assistant Has Left the Basket and Vanished Into the Air, and to Prove It He Jumps Into the Basket and Seems to Kick His Feet Around.

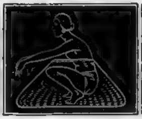
5—To Prove That There Is Nobody in the Basket, the Fakir Seizes a Long Sword and Plunges It Through the "Empty" Basket's Lid and Side.

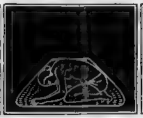


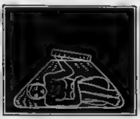
6—How the Assistant Presses Herself Against the Walls of the Basket, Leaving Space for the Fakir to Jump in and Room for a Sword to Be Thrust Through from Several Directions.
(From "Indian Conjuring," by H. L. Branson.)

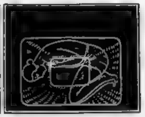
Diagrams Showing How the Magician's Assistant "Disappears" by Curling Herself Around the Sides of the Basket.


Note Carefully the Shape of the Basket, Which Is Always About the Same Whenever This Trick Is Performed.


When the Assistant Gets Into the Basket She Places Both Feet Into It, Seeming to Completely Fill It.

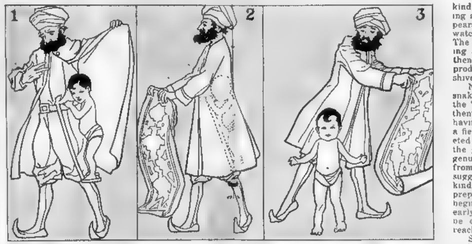

When the Fakir Pushes the Assistant's Head Forward, She Gets Into This Position in the Basket.


The Cloth Is Then Thrown Over, the Lid Placed on Top and the Assistant Holds the Lid Up With One Hand to Impress the Audience That the Basket Is Overcrowded.


Looking Down on the Basket, the Assistant Would Be Shown to Be in a Position Like This, or Perhaps as Shown in Picture No. 6 in the Series at the Top of the Page.

(From "Indian Conjuring," by H. L. Branson.)

The Secret of the Materialization Trick.



How the Child Hides in the Magician's Clothing.
Holding the Rug in Front, So the Boy Can Step Down.
As the Rug Is Drawn Aside the "Materialized" Child Is Revealed.

[illegible] Britain Rights Reserved.

INDIA is a land of mystery and mysticism, but the claims and pretenses of the fakirs, magicians and "holy men" are gradually being exposed and exploded by the investigations of modern science. For generations the world has marveled at the tricks of the Oriental conjurers, who have attributed their exploits to their superior powers of mind and spirit, which they boasted were unattainable in the commonplace Western civilization. Science now knows these claims are not true—there is nothing the fakirs of India do that any other national cannot do.

Of all the miracles of the Indian fakirs, probably the "rope trick" is most famous and most puzzling. The magician gathers his audience in front of him, starts them on a series of deep and rapid breathing exercises, then all breathing is suspended for as long a period as can be endured—and then the "miracle" is performed.

The fakir takes a coil of rope from the ground, swings it above his head and throws one end of it into the air, announcing to the audience that there they see it still extending up toward the sky. The fakir's assistant then climbs on his shoulder, seems to seize the rope, and upward he climbs until he seems to disappear in the sky.

Now, of course, nobody can throw a rope into the air, have it stay in the air, and so firmly that it can be climbed, without overcoming the laws of gravitation — an achievement no scientist has ever accomplished. Very few have seen th[illegible] trick except the natives of India themselves, and this fact suggested a study of the circumstances under which the "miracle" is performed.

The Indian Magician Charming a Poisonous Cobra With His Monotonous Little Tune.

No Indian fakir steps out boldly before an audience of Europeans and Americans and offers to perform the rope trick. He reserves this miracle, as a rule, for an audience of his own native mystics, who must first go through the breathing exercises, which give the answer to the apparent miracle. A retired officer of the British Army in India, Major Francis Yeats-Brown, began practising the breathing exercises of the system called "Yoga." Rapidly drawing in and expelling the air, he first became dizzy, and then, drunk with oxygen, rolled about and laughed.

"Three times," he reports in his recent book, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, "I took twenty-one breaths and held my breath. The first time I felt as if something had caught me by the throat. The second time I again felt suffocated, but knew that Prana (personified in the Vedas as the Breath of Life) was mobilizing the army of the blood and forcing its way through the barriers of the body. There was a struggle between opposing forces, a descent into hell, a search of Orpheus for his bride; then so-called mind asserted its dominion over so-called matter, light replaced darkness and my stimulated blood stream flooded through every cell. I felt buoyant and calm, and intuitively aware.

"The third time, a sense of ease and equipoise almost instantly replaced the initial struggle, and with this physical balancing came an apprehension untellable. With my Angel I took wings of wonder and traversed continents and worlds, and seemed to reach the last stars, beyond thinking, where mind is not, and where that nothing out of which came something seems almost clutchable."

What happened is well understood by scientists. By breathing too rapidly or too slowly, or alternately both the Indian adept is able to bring to his mind ideas illusory or otherwise, which he does not normally acquire. And Major Yeats-Brown practising the same methods, achieved the same results. This alternate forced breathing and restricted breathing provides the body first with too much oxygen, then with too little. The hallucinations which result are exactly what science knows would result from such a reaction between respiration and mind. In the state of easy hallucination produced in the audience by the breathing exercises, the suggestion of the fakir who throws the rope into the air, and the suggested activities of the assistant, become as vivid as though really seen.

The precision with which the human body is adjusted to the conditions of life on earth is well recognized by scientists, who know that either too much oxygen or too little has disturbing effects. If the over-supply of oxygen goes too far the victim may die, either from excess of general bodily disturbance or by the development of a lung condition not unlike pneumonia.

While breathing is controlled by a spot low down in the brain, it is possible to [illegible] governing mechanism by an effort of the will. Thus the Indian mystics, by forced breathing, both deeper and quicker than ordinary, pump too much oxygen into the blood, and bring on hallucinations such as Major Yeats-Brown describes. This is alternated by restricted breathing. So, for a time, the adept in these exercises breathes deeply and rapidly and removes carbon dioxide almost completely from the blood, providing a temporary excess of oxygen. Then he changes his procedure and holds his breath altogether for a time.

Since the carbon dioxide, which is the signal to the breathing center, already has been well removed from the blood, the breath can be held for many seconds, or even for several minutes, without total distress. So doing, the practiser of this exercise deprives the thinking portion of his brain temporarily of its normal supply of oxygen. The result is hallucinations precisely similar to those experienced, for example, by a drowning person, whose whole life seems to unroll before his eyes. Even the cause is similar, for the drowning person is equally the victim of too little oxygen in his brain.

It is probably no accident that the great land of Tibet, the highest inhabited region in the world, has been for many generations the home and mainspring of Oriental mysticism. The air of Tibet already is so rarefied by the country's altitude that the average resident is continually on the verge of oxygen starvation. Practice of a very small degree of breath-holding, overbreathing, and so on, probably would be effective in Tibet in producing vivid hallucinations. Thus the country, by its mere accident of elevation, becomes an ideal nurture ground for mystical ideas which never could arise or survive in countries closer to sea level, where voluntary disturbances of breathing are more difficult and less effective.

But the rope-climbing trick is sometimes performed a little differently. Professor Schmidt, a German scientist who undertook to investigate this "miracle," makes this report of what happened:

"You missed a most remarkable phenomenon," Professor Schmidt remarked to his assistant, who had been hidden in the Hindu's house, as the assistant entered the courtyard.

"No; I didn't miss it," he replied, "and I guess I saw it to rather better purpose than you, for I can tell you how he did it."

The assistant then explained that he had been successful in gaining entrance to the house without being seen by the natives. He had found a little window which gave him a view of the courtyard and the tops of the surrounding houses.

He saw all seated there, and just then the fakir commenced pouring powder on the coals of fire he had built, and the fumes nearly caused him to withdraw. But he watched until the rope was introduced.

While the fakir held attention by whirling the burning rope-end about, there was something more important going on. From the roof of the house a very fine line was dropped just behind the semi-circle of assistants, one of whom quietly tied the end of the fine line to the unburnt end of the rope, which lay on the ground unnoticed.

The fine line, unseen by those on the ground, explained the whole trick. When the fakir hurled the end of the heavy rope into the air the fakir's confederate on the roof took in the slack on the small line, and, behold, the miracle had begun.

To further obscure operations, a little bundle of some smoking, smouldering substance came sliding down the fine line and stopped at the beginning of the big rope, giving off a prodigious smoke and acting as a screen to all operations above. This happened while the fakir distracted all attention to himself by beating his breast.

Screened by the smoke, a heavy rope, weighted by a metal catch, slid down the small line and snapped over the head of the big rope. Now all that remained to be done was to haul the fakir through the smoke to the roof of the house, which was forthwith done.

While all were staring at the sky the fakir descended with his rope, ran around the house and took up the collection.

Visitors to India have been impressed by the magicians who seemed to have supernatural control over venomous serpents—the "snake charmers."

And here there seems to be some mystery which is not yet entirely clear. Most of the fakirs who handle such dangerous snakes as the cobra remove the fangs from the reptiles so they run no risk. But occasionally a skilled snake-charmer handles vicious reptiles which are in full possession of their teeth and poison-filled glands. These fakirs seem to have perfect control over these dangerous creatures and manipulate them with as much confidence as if they were pet pups or kittens.

Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, of the New York Zoo, and perhaps the foremost authority in the world on reptiles, has endeavored to solve this mystery. While 49 out of 50 Indian snake-charmers put on their show with the cobra whose fangs have been pulled, yet about one in every 50 performs with reptiles fully capable of a deadly stroke, Professor Ditmars states.

The fangs are removed by permitting the snake to bite a cloth in such a way so as to grip and extract the fangs. Then the fang roots are cut to prevent the growth of a new crop. With its fangs removed, the average cobra loses much of its ferocity, as though it possessed some consciousness of emasculation.

The business of having a cobra dance to reed music is also a fake. In such a performance a close observer will note that the body of the musician sways back and forth in front of the snake which, reared up with its hood extended, also sways. The audience has the illusion that the snake is swaying to the rhythm of the music, whereas, as a matter of fact, its reactions are far more simple. It is raised in a position to strike, and its swaying is merely an effort to retain that position in the face of a moving object, the body of the musician. It is the musician who sways his body in rhythm with the snake.

However, Dr. Ditmars says that there is one Indian instrument, the sitar, a kind of elongated mandolin, capable of producing a few whining notes to which the cobra appears peculiarly sensitive. Dr. Ditmars carefully watched one exhibition of sitar playing to a cobra. The musician played for an hour without producing any noticeable effect on the reptile. And then suddenly and, as it appeared, by chance, he produced one note which caused the cobra to shiver and fall over on its side.

Neither Dr. Ditmars nor any other expert on snakes has yet been able to explain the power of the "one out of fifty" who is apparently an authentic snake-charmer. Dr. Ditmars recounts having seen one of these men lower his hand over a fierce and well-fanged cobra. The cobra quieted and instantly lowered itself in obedience to the gesture. It is said that the secrets of the genuine Indian snake-charmer are handed down from father to son, and one writer on the subject suggests that the key to the mystery may be a kind of vaccination. The adult snake-charmer, preparing his son to follow in his footsteps, may begin vaccinating him with cobra venom at an early age. It is possible that the treatments might be continued until a state of immunity was reached.

So far as the docility and immobility of the snake is concerned, that is explained without difficulty by the well-known possibility, studied by many scientists, of hypnotizing animals. By continuous, gentle but unyielding pressure animals like rabbits or frogs are easily hypnotized. By fixing the animal's attention, birds may be hypnotized, and many experts believe that this is the way in which a snake hypnotizes a bird which it desires to capture, the thing which fixes the doomed bird's attention being, in all probability, the rapid movement of the snake's tongue. It is not unlikely that the peculiar sounds of the true snake-charmer's instrument or the peculiar motion of his eyes or body may affect a susceptible snake in the same way and make the animal responsive to the charmer, the latter's possible immunity to the poison being merely a precaution in case the hypnotic influence breaks and the snake returns to its ordinary state.

With regard to animal hypnotism in general, it is well known that virtually any method of attracting and fixing the attention of an animal is sufficient to induce a state of rigid immobility very similar to certain phases of the hypnotic state in human beings. For example, if the experimenter holds down on a flat board an ordinary chicken, takes a piece of chalk and draws a straight line across the board beginning just beyond the chicken's eye, the chicken will follow the motion of this chalk so intently that the bird becomes hypnotized and will be quiet thereafter for hours, even if the restraining hand is removed.

Similarly, mere restraint is sufficient to hypnotize a rabbit. Holding down a rabbit on a board until its struggles cease, one may remove the hands and have the rabbit rest immobile. Similar experiments have been performed on dogs, birds, frogs and on the octopus. All of them are hypnotizable to almost complete rigidity, either by continued restraint until the struggles cease or by intently fixed attention, as in the case of the chicken experiment. But scientists are not agreed as to which methods are employed by the snake charmers of India.

A Holy Man Who Has Tied His Arm to a Support for So Many Years That at Last the Disused Limb, Reduced to a Shrunken and Rigid Condition, Can Never Be Lowered Again to Its Natural Position. Sometimes the Long Finger Nails Pierce the Fingers, Causing Great Pain.

The fame of the mango trick has also spread all over the world. The trick consists in planting a mango seed or any seed or bean, and in a few minutes growing either a plant or a full-sized tree. This marvel is always performed out in the open, and as sure as you think you see how the fakir performs the feat and intimate your suspicions, he does it under other circumstances which at once prove you mistaken.

For instance, Professor Schmidt himself saw a fakir solemnly plant his seed and, after much incantation and walking about, cast a cloth over it, pat the ground beneath and the cloth with his fingers and remove the cloth.

A tiny plant was seen just peeping from the ground. Again the cloth was cast over the spot—more patting and walking about and incantation. When the second time the cloth was whisked away the plant seemed to have grown to a height of four inches.

Back went the cloth, followed by the same movements and sing-song, which this time resulted in a plant a foot and a half high.

Professor Schmidt was quite sure he knew how it was done—in fact, it was a rather clumsy piece of substitution. The fakir had produced the plants in succession from his person and inserted them under cover of the sheet. Any juggler could have done it. Professor Schmidt pointed this out to the fakir, who looked pained at such skepticism, and asked several questions, apparently to see what it was that had excited the scientist's suspicions. Then he said he would do it over again without putting his hands under the cloth at all, so there could be no sleight of hand.

Again he placed a seed in the ground and dropped a thin piece of cloth over it. The sing-songing was the same as before, but the patting was done with the hands in plain sight above the cloth.

A fakir's attendant came bringing a vessel of water, which the magician poured gently upon his hands. More water was brought and carefully emptied upon the cloth.

Now something was gently raising the cloth in the center. Another bowlful of water and a minute's incantation had brought the rising point beneath the cloth to a height of three inches. Steadily it grew, until the cloth was a small tent about a foot high. Then, slowly and gently raising the cloth by its edges, a little plant a foot high was revealed growing in the mud caused by the fakir's libations. The Hindu had actually succeeded in bringing out of the bare earth a plant 12 inches high by a few minutes of watering and mumbling strange words. He had at no time touched the plant, nor had his hands been out of sight.

Yet Professor Schmidt knew just how he did it, and told him so.

To perform the feat it is necessary for them, before the observers arrive, to dig a hole in the ground shaped like a cone. In the bottom of the hole they place a float of wood or cork, and on top, planted in a few grains of earth, they stand a little plant destined to appear miraculously.

With great care they bridge over with earth the top of the hole and leave no trace on the surface. The rest is simple. After dropping the seed on the ground over the hole the light cloth follows it. Then comes the inevitable patting with the hands above the cloth. This is to break away the little roof of earth that covers the hole.

This accomplished, there remains nothing but to pour water enough to fill the hole and make a mud puddle all around the cloth. The water as it fills the hole causes the cork or wooded float to rise and gently push the plant up against the cloth until finally, when the fakir is done, the plant is discovered blossoming in the midst of a mud puddle. Some fakirs set up a little tent as shown in the photographs on this page. But the general method of doing the trick is the same.

Professor Schmidt was unkind enough to point this out to the fakir, who looked even sadder and more grieved than before. Then he offered to make a whole full-grown mango tree spring from a seed before their eyes without touching it or going near it.

A third time he dropped a seed and stamped it into the ground. Then the fakir walked away from it and faced his audience. For a period which the spectators variously estimated at five to twenty minutes he swung his arms, rolled his eyes and contorted his face horribly.

At last the ordeal was over, and he slowly straightened himself out and said:

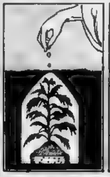
"Behold a full-grown mango tree."

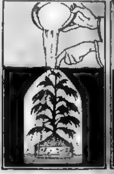
The observers looked, and there it stood where the seed had been planted, fully leaved and 40 feet tall. Yet there was something un-

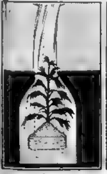
Concluded on Page 18

How the Miracle Worker Drops a Seed in the Earth and Makes a Mango Tree Grow While You Watch.

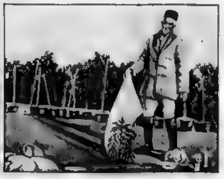
The Preliminary Stage of the Mango Tree Trick Showing Tent Set Up on the Ground.


The Magician Drops a Few Seeds Over a Spot Which Has Been Hollowed Out and a Mango Plant Established on a Piece of Cork.


Breaking the Top of the Earth With His Finger, the Magician Pours Water Into the Cavity.


As the Water Begins to Fill the Hole the Cork Rises and Forces Up the Plant.

When It Has Risen to the Surface of the Ground the Magician Removes the Tent and Reveals the Miracle.


Photograph of the Conclusion of the Mango Tree Trick, Showing Magician Standing Beside the Mango Tree.

(From "Indian Conjuring," by H. L. Branson.)

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

The Story of an Ultramodern Girl Who Thought She Could Defy the Conventions

Pan Found Herself Crushed Against Quarrender, Kissed as She Had Dreamed He Might Kiss Her . . .

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XII.

Pan Turns Vamp.

ALWAYS morning brings sanity, especially hot, bright mornings such as this. Easy, then, to make good resolutions and believe you will stick to them. Pan determined to live for the moment, and the moment was sweet. She had persuaded herself she did not want Quarrender to love her, this friendship was enough.

Towards lunch time they wandered down the dusty highway to the local store. They chatted naturally; even when a charging monster of a truck sent them scurrying into a ditch and Pan's hand clutched tightly on to Quarrender's arm and stayed there, it seemed natural.

"Do your people know you're down here?" Quarrender asked suddenly.

Pan grinned up at him impishly. "There are one or two things a girl doesn't tell."

"Well, have it your own way," he returned easily, "but if any day I should grow out of that don't think I'm going to make an honest woman of you."

Pan laughed scornfully. "You've got to make me a dishonest one first, and you seem darn slow about doing it!"

Quarrender flushed. Even under his tan it was noticeable. Then he laughed, a frank good natured laugh. That laugh reestablished their relationship on a friendly footing.

The local store was an amusing place. It sold everything from hobnails and groceries to ladies' corsets. These antiquated garments, museum pieces in this day and age, were hung temptingly from the ceiling. They appeared not a whit to embarrass the old daddy longlegs who served them.

"You may doubt my modernity, old kid, but I certainly don't wear those," Pan scoffed.

"I'll take your word for it," he smiled.

Fun . . . yes, it was fun. The fun held throughout the afternoon. They swam, lazed on the beach, explored some of the country-side in the red speedster. But, towards evening, though neither was consciously aware of it, the fun became heavier handed.

Neither quite knew when the spontaneity went from it. One moment it was there, and they were laughing together. The next there came a queer sort of silence as though each had suddenly become too conscious of the other's nearness. The silence only lasted a minute, then both started talking again, quickly as though in indignant denial of that pause.

But . . . evening was here now. Definitely here with its long purple shadows, its dreamy moon that floated through puff clouds that veiled but never obscured it, its dark hotness that seemed to cuddle around them like a warm shawl.

Pan flung down the gauntlet when, just before supper, she challenged Quarrender. "Come on, shake up a cocktail. No reason why this should be like a funeral."

Quarrender glanced at her sharply. Then he picked up the shaker and made for the kitchen. "Of course," he returned easily, "I think a cocktail will do both of us good."

While he put the necessary ingredients into the shaker Pan turned on the victrola, and dancing alone up and down the floor, around the table, she thought: "I feel queer tonight, as thought I didn't care about anything. But I must care . . . Yet, I'm a modern girl, and what's the use of being modern if you can't get the man you want? . . . What's the use of anything if you can't get the man you want?"

A sobering thought. She stopped dancing, switched off the victrola. The jazz music must have been responsible, she decided, for that sense of recklessness that had surged up in her. Why, only this morning she had been determined to play the game Quarrender's way. This evening she shrugged mentally. It was almost as though there were two different girls in her trim, hard little body: the sane practical Pan of the day, the wild, impish child Pan of the night.

It was night now.

Were there two girls in every girl, she wondered, as she stood there, her hand still on the victrola switch. The girl who wanted to be good, to be decent, and the girl who cared only for one thing, the love of her man? What happened when the two came into conflict? Which one would win out?

"This is all nonsense," she said aloud angrily. But her hands were shaking as she put the place mats on the polished wood table. And she knew an odd fear of herself. She thought, a little desperately, "I want to be good. I must be good . . ."

She had done many wild things in her life, there had been booze parties, petting parties, but she had been good. Hitherto she had thought that a certain strength of character on her part had been responsible. But now she realized she had never really been tempted. For there is only temptation when you're in love . .

Quarrender was back with the cocktails. He held up his glass and smiled down on her. "To our friendship, my dear."

Pan tossed hers down. "You do rub it in," she grumbled, with a laugh that was husky and throbbing.

All the same, his reminder quieted the mad mood that had held her for a space. A chastened Pan faced Quarrender in the intimacy of the little dining room. Yet, perhaps Quarrender sensed her former mood, for he seemed stiffer, more on his guard. He said dull conventional things, talked of 'Frisco and tennis. . . .

"To the deuce with tennis," thought Pan, a little miserably. "Even if he doesn't love me, can't he be human?"

When, after supper, he suggested a stroll down the road, Pan said flippantly, "What's the use of a stroll when you're only going to stroll, if you know what I mean. . . No, let's do something exciting!"

"Visit the local movies?" Quarrender suggested.

Pan shook her head. "On a hot night like this? Listen, I have an idea. You know that flat rock that juts right over the sea at the bottom of the yard? Let's take down the victrola and dance there. I feel like dancing tonight."

Quarrender's eyes smiled quizzically. "I'm not so sure . . ."

She jerked back her hair and laughed at him. "Frightened, old kid?"

"Of course not," he rumbled. "I was just thinking that the victrola's darn heavy and there are the records as well." All the same he had flushed.

But Pan had her way. Quarrender carried down the victrola and she followed with the record. The rock was large, flat and quite amazingly smooth. It looked like a huge silver sheet in the light of the full moon. A perfect dancing floor on a night such as this. Moonbeams played childish pranks across it. From beneath came a faintly monotonous slur of waves.

"The night is too perfect," sighed Pan. She danced lightly across the rock, waving her arms in rhythm to the voice of the sea. "I feel fey tonight."

Quarrender stood watching her. He mused aloud, "In this light you might be the ghost of the eternal Pan come back to earth, child. Where are your unholy pipes?"

"Inside the sound box," she laughed. "Come along, put on a record. Let's dance."

They danced and danced. One record after another. Almost as though they were afraid to stop dancing. His brown brogues and her fawn crepe shoes crossing and recrossing the broad flat rock. Whining, petulant jazz, swish of waves, scraping of feet.

Apart from that, silence, a disturbing intimate silence. Both were aware of it. Pan kept her head tilted back so she could see his profile. Long, clear cut features, strong dominant chin. A resolute forceful face . . . She sighed. Too resolute.

And, as she stared up at him, she was aware of an intense sense of possessiveness sweep through her. She tried to crush it down, but it was stronger than she. She only knew that she wanted him to hold her closer, closer. . . . She wanted him to kiss her as he had that night under the moon-blanched elm.

Did he remember? Probably. Did he want to remember? Probably not. That was the worst of it. She felt if only he would let himself love her. If only the thought of that other girl—whom he had admitted he did not really love—was not so firmly fixed in his mind. Pauline, the ideal wife. Why could not she, Pan, be an equally ideal wife? She knew she had it in her.

But men were so blind. They thought just because a girl liked to racket around before marriage she would keep on doing so. They thought that a girl who was peppy, daredevil, bad child, couldn't be sweet and domestic as well. The survival of the romantic knight in them, she supposed. The knight who adventured abroad, who loved abroad but whose wife had sat and done tapestry meanwhile in the baronial hall. Of course, all men weren't like that. But all men didn't matter. Only Quarrender mattered . . . and he was like that.

Another record. Another dance. Fawn crepe shoes faultlessly following brown brogues again. So it might have gone on . . .

But in the darkness Quarrender had put on a tune dating back a season or two. They were mostly old records in the bungalow anyway. A jazz singer's crooning voice came out of the sound box.

"I ask you for a kiss,
You gave me just one kiss,
I want another kiss,
Don't be like that . . ."

Pan laughed. But there was a choked note in her laughter. Then she stopped herself. Safer not to comment. But it was odd it should be this very tune. How vividly it brought back the night of his aunt's dance! Higher, higher on tip toes she raised herself as she danced; nearer, nearer her face came to his. The wind brushed the hair against his cheek.

"I wish I knew,
If you really loved me,
The things you do,
Make me think you don't think
much of me . . ."

Suddenly they both stopped dancing. Neither quite knew how it happened. But, all at once, she was close; one hand was touching his hair; and her lips were saying: "We can't go on like this, Quarrender. I love you. Love you." And then, since still he did not say anything, hurriedly breathlessly, her little voice went on. "Can't you love me a little? Don't you love me a little?"

He muttered, "Don't you know I'm human?" And Pan found herself crushed against Quarrender, kissed as she had dreamed he might kiss her . . .

The record came to an end. The needle skidded about it with a harsh grating sound. The machine ran down. But it didn't matter. Theirs was a new world. A sweet world . . . a dangerous world. His hands were hot on her back. She felt them through the soft crepe of her dress. She gave a shaky laugh. "Haven't we

(Continued on Page 14)

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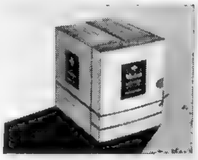

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 12)

[illegible] fools, dear? It's so much [illegible] not to fight."

But that was unwise. She felt [illegible]. She tried to [illegible] to him, but the Quarrender of a moment ago was [illegible] there. And, in the [illegible] pause that followed, he [illegible] her words and held her [illegible] now [illegible] replaced the [illegible].

"[illegible] again, Pan," he [illegible]. "You [illegible] me [illegible]. You promised to cut [illegible]. I told you [illegible]. You [illegible] I [illegible] you'd [illegible], I'd marry you. You know I'm mad that way."

"[illegible] I asked you to [illegible]. But you [illegible]."

[illegible] he [illegible], [illegible] and the [illegible] on his [illegible] away from [illegible] his [illegible] the [illegible], he was [illegible].

[illegible]. She [illegible] to follow [illegible] not follow him. [illegible] to do, [illegible] force. [illegible] Just [illegible] that blurred record [illegible] Quarrender's she seized [illegible] record and smashed it in [illegible].

Then her anger went. She [illegible] crouched on the rock [illegible] record "Cruel, [illegible]," her teeth [illegible] though she were [illegible]. "But what's it all about anyway? He must love me, or [illegible] have kissed me like [illegible]. And if he does love me, [illegible] in making him [illegible]?"

But that was to much for her [illegible] then. She felt [illegible]. And the realization [illegible] modern girl with [illegible] even in love, [illegible] not help her. She thought [illegible] "I might as well be [illegible] the way I [illegible]. I guess I [illegible] can't make the [illegible]."

Presently because he couldn't stay there all night and she [illegible] was cold, she gathered up the records, picked up the victrola and staggered [illegible] with them towards the bungalow.

CHAPTER XIII.

Discovery

THE little bungalow was in darkness when Pan went up the porch steps. It had a chill unwelcoming air to it, as though even it were hostile to her on this miserable night. She pushed open the front door and switched on the light, but that did not help to dispell the depressing sense of emptiness that pervaded the place.

Mechanically she put the victrola [illegible], replaced the records [illegible]. Everywhere [illegible] sitting room were [illegible] of Quarrender, his pipe on the [illegible] shelf, a half smoked [illegible] of cigarettes on a table, [illegible] woollen scarf hung behind the [illegible].

She [illegible] unhappily. "I suppose I was [illegible] to have come down [illegible]. I guess in the long run [illegible] are right. If you go [illegible] you must [illegible] of [illegible] a lot of heartache [illegible]."

She [illegible] about the room [illegible] of going to bed, [illegible] to [illegible], and she really [illegible] herself down on [illegible] her hot [illegible] face against a cool linen [illegible].

She tried not to think, but did [illegible]. Everything Quarrender had [illegible] ever since [illegible] every [illegible] she had said in reply, went [illegible] her head [illegible]. [illegible] all her fault that every[illegible], she wondered? [illegible] had accused her of [illegible] she had tried not to [illegible]. But tonight he [illegible]. She lay [illegible]

That was the dreadful part of it. [illegible] to the [illegible]. It was no [illegible] that a [illegible] girl [illegible] she had never [illegible] that [illegible] was [illegible] thing. [illegible] on the [illegible] die.

[illegible] coming back to tell her he had not meant it, he loved her, he wanted to love her.

An hour passed. Maybe two. Everything was so still that [illegible] the sudden sound of the bell came as a shock. But, that same instant she was on her feet, shaking the crumples out of her dress, smoothing her hair, searching [illegible] for her compact. Would it [illegible] Quarrender? Quarrender coming back to apologize? He must not see the smudged [illegible] on her cheeks. [illegible] of him if [illegible].

But it was not Quarrender.

[illegible] the door [illegible] the young [illegible] on the porch. Was [illegible]? What [illegible] doing here at this hour of the [illegible]? Then, as he [illegible] the [illegible] at him, [illegible] she had [illegible] him somewhere before. But of course [illegible] the young doctor who had fixed her back tire for her yesterday evening. Strange [illegible].

Chris Stewart, on his part, blinked at her.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed. "It's the girl in the [illegible] roadster." He added, "I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not," Pan said shortly. "Why?"

Doc Stewart looked embarrassed. "I thought [illegible] Quarrender [illegible] he [illegible]."

"He does," Pan returned sharply. "Or rather, he did. What of it?"

The young doctor looked at Pan once again and cleared his throat.

"Is [illegible] here with you?" he [illegible].

She [illegible]. What [illegible]? What did he want to question her for?

"No," she replied. "There's no one here but me."

Chris Stewart looked slightly incredulous. She didn't appear the sort of girl who would stay unchaperoned in a man's bungalow. Still there was no use putting off telling her. He wondered how to word it, but in the end, he [illegible] her the [illegible]. He felt somehow she was the kind of girl who would prefer to have it straight from the shoulder.

"Hale was knocked down by an auto near my bungalow an hour or so ago," he said quietly. "His condition is critical. I'm afraid there isn't a great deal of hope for him."

Silence followed. Chris felt he ought to say something more but he couldn't think of [illegible]. Pan's [illegible] body [illegible] the doorway. She looked [illegible] like, he thought, [illegible] there. Her eyes were large and agonized. He thought she was muttering, "It can't be true," but he couldn't swear to it. Yet when she finally spoke, he was totally unprepared for, even her [illegible] what she said.

"Well you've got your nasty [illegible] accident, haven't you?" [illegible] with a bitter laugh.

Chris' face flushed a vivid crimson. "[illegible] a joke," he stammered. "What are you driving at?"

Pan looked up into his nice worried face and whispered, "I'm sorry. I guess I can't help saying things like that. If I didn't I'd howl." She closed her eyes tight and he saw the tears ooze from behind her lids. "You can't mean it's [illegible] it's as bad as that?" she breathed presently. "Why only tonight [illegible]" her voice cracked. She turned her face a little away from him. A sob like a shudder went through her.

Clumsily he put a large hand on her shoulder. "Maybe it's not so serious as I thought at first. And now I've 'phoned through for a consultant. He'll be here in a few hours. [illegible] we shall know. At present [illegible] unconscious so I've left him in [illegible] of the nurse. [illegible] to find out [illegible]." He [illegible] as though he did not know how to continue. "You know," he [illegible], "if he has any [illegible] about [illegible] to be sent for."

[illegible] Pan [illegible] to grasp it all. He said Quarrender was badly hurt, maybe dying. But that couldn't be. Surely, surely not. It was [illegible] awful to comprehend. [illegible] was numb now with the shock.

"You mean his aunt and uncle, Professor and Mrs. Guersney?" she heard herself say.

"Are they getatable?"

She nodded. "Not so far off. In Boston. I could telephone to them."

He said [illegible], "I think it would [illegible]."

"I'll do it. There is a telephone [illegible] house."

[illegible] no [illegible] Quarrender [illegible] everything [illegible] you like, you can just disappear."

He broke off in embarrassment. For, [illegible] there was some ordinary explanation for the girl's presence in the bungalow, it was [illegible] to say the least of it. He added miserably, "Shut me up if I'm barking up the wrong tree, won't you? But if you're down here on some [illegible] and don't want your folks to know."

[illegible] "It's all right," [illegible] "I'll [illegible] to Boston."

She never knew [illegible] how or why she had [illegible] the decision. But she [illegible] felt, subconsciously that to clear out now as Chris suggested would be the coward's way out. She had always put up a big bluff of modernity, [illegible] she would never be afraid to face the consequences of any of her [illegible] impulses. Now, it seemed as though Fate had called her bluff. If she slunk away, like a frightened cur dog with its tail between its legs, she felt, instinctively, should he recover, Quarrender would never respect her, this nice young doctor fellow would never again respect her—would never again respect herself.

All this must have passed through her mind but only vaguely. For [illegible] not the dominant [illegible] in her decision. She [illegible] in her [illegible] about Quarrender. Whatever happened she must stay near him.

The relief was obvious on Chris Stewart's face. For, he argued, if the girl did not mind [illegible] through to the relatives it proved conclusively there could not be anything [illegible] in the situation. Somehow he hated to believe [illegible]. Odd how [illegible] the feeling had been.

"Then I'll leave that part of it to you," he said confidently. "Now I must rush back to my patient. If you care to come down later, my bungalow is the green one next to the store."

"Thanks," Pan said faintly. "I'll come."

"Do," he urged. "Much better than staying here by yourself. . . And don't give way to it, will you? Maybe we can pull him through." But still he didn't go. He added in a queer voice, "Gee, it must be rotten for you. . . You love him, don't you?"

Pan's voice was strangled. "Yes. I love him."

He reached out a hand and squeezed her arm. "Buck up, old kid."

The next moment he was gone. She heard the sound of him starting the auto.

"He [illegible]," she thought.

Then she telephoned.

Even at the time it struck Pan as ironical that Mrs. Guersney should seem far more horrified to find out that she had been staying down at the bungalow than to learn of the accident.

"Who [illegible] speaking? Pandora [illegible]? From Cape Herring you say? My dear girl, I don't understand. Why should you be at Cape Herring? With whom are you staying? What?" [illegible] startled voice. "With Quarrender — at the bungalow! But, my dear girl, it's . . . it's . . ."

"Scandalous? Isn't that the word you wanted?" Pan asked with a deadly calmness. "Don't you understand, Mrs. Guersney, Quarrender has been hurt. . ."

"Yes, I understand that. But what I can't understand is how you . . ."

"Really, Mrs. Guersney, it's not about my reputation I 'phoned you through," Pan interrupted. "It's serious. The doctor thinks. . ." But she could not finish that sentence. She was not going to give Mrs. Guersney the satisfaction of hearing her sob.

"What does the doctor think?" came Mrs. Guersney's high-pitched and querulous voice. "Does he [illegible] the Professor and I [illegible]?"

Pan had regained control of herself. "[illegible] And—it is serious."

"Oh," said Mrs. Guersney, in a tone that implied, "What can you expect? As though this disgraceful [illegible] part of [illegible] was, somehow, [illegible]."

"Very well. We'll leave immediately. Although I must say..."

But what she had to say, Pan never knew. With scant ceremony she hung up the receiver. It is one thing to brave a situation out, quite another to wilfully lay yourself open to insult. Not that it mattered to Pan just then what Mrs. Guersney thought or what she said.

Without waiting to snatch up a hat or coat, Pan ran down the front steps, down the white yard path, out into the road. It never occurred to her to get her auto out of the garage, although to the doctor's bungalow was the best part of a mile. She ran on, the high heels of her crepe dancing shoes catching every now and then in some furrow, the night wind whipping the hair off her face.

Faster, faster she ran, as though a demon possessed her, a demon who perched on her shoulder and whispered, "He may be dead when you get there. Dead . . . dying . . ."

She clasped her hands over her ears as though to shut out that voice and ran on, stumbling, her breath coming unevenly . . .

But, when at last she reached the green bungalow she was afraid to go in. She stood on the porch leaning against one of the pillars and stared with wide frightened eyes at a glimmer of light that sifted through a curtained window. Quarrender must be in there...She could hear a faint sound of moving, of whispered voices. What were they saying? Were they saying that already it was too late, nothing could be done? No...no...no Quarrender, so full of life and great hulking strength...It was not possible all that should go, like a candle snuffed.

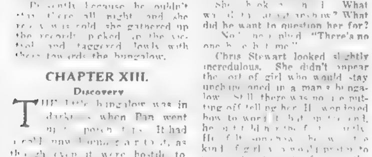
She clasped her hands tightly across her thin flat chest, she dug her knuckles into her flesh. . . She whispered the first prayer she had spoken for years. "God, you can't let him die. You mustn't. He hasn't done anything against you. Take it out on me, if you like, but don't let him die."

But there was no sense in standing there all night, just watching, knowing nothing, torturing herself with doubt. She realized that and made an effort. Silently she pushed open the front door which stood ajar. There was no one in the passage, no sound of movement even in the room where she surmised Quarrender lay. "Oh," she breathed, and stood swaying on her [illegible].

A door opened at one side of the hall noiselessly and Doc Stewart came out. He nodded to Pan. "[illegible] Come in," he urged gently. "You won't disturb him. But now, well there's a fair chance he may pull through."

Pan only half heard him. He had opened the door again as he spoke and led Pan inside. The room was lit faintly by a shaded night light. Quarrender lay on the bed, so still, so white, despite his tan. She held her breath for a long minute, staring at him. . . Then she could

(Continued on Page 18)



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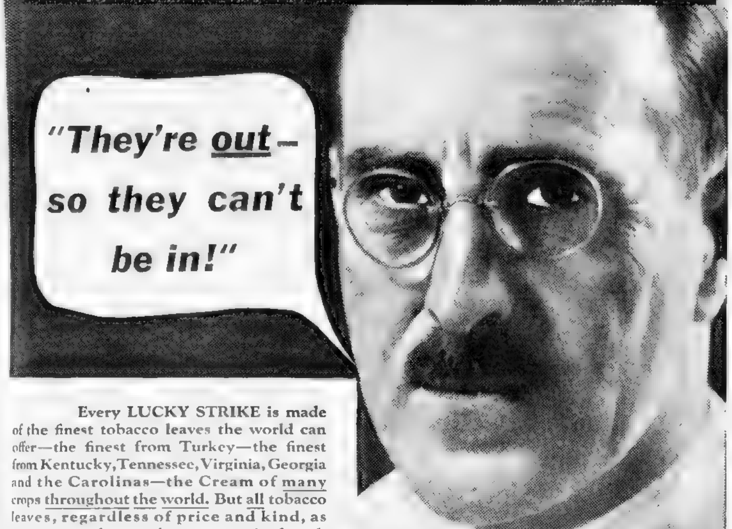

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson

Colin Clements

A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

N[illegible]

[illegible] will leaves everything to the Colonel and in case of his death to the Steebs then to be divided equally between Dr. Waverly and the Singhs. The Colonel had been trying to raise money on his brother's securities.

When the Colonel learns that he is suspected he tells Jane that Harlan was carrying on an affair with Dr. Waverly's wife in India. He knows the Doctor was going through some old trunks of his dead wife's the night of the murder and thinks the Doctor may have come upon something which opened his eyes and caused him to [illegible]

Jane discovers that Singh wrote the blackmailing note, also that he was at one time [illegible] and that he hated his master while he served him.

Next Jane receives another threatening letter. Stoddard, believing the Colonel to be the author, goes to have it out with him. Shortly afterward Jane gets word that the Colonel has been killed and Stoddard arrested for the murder.

The police find the Colonel's body on the floor at the foot of the stairs leading from the seance room. [illegible] to a broken neck although there is evidence of strangulation.

Stoddard admits hating the Colonel before he was convinced he had nothing to do with the letters. Stoddard says that on his way out he found the envelope with the [illegible] about Nirah in Singh's desk. As he was about to leave he heard a sound as if the Colonel was speaking to someone in the seance room. Then there was a scream and the Colonel burst out of the room, his face contorted with horror, pitched over the railing and landed on the floor below. The position of the dead man's body seems to confirm his story.

One of the detectives tells Jane that as he went past the seance room he noticed something he can not describe [illegible] between the dark curtains at the end of the room. It was [illegible] like a ghost and made his heart pound but when he returned it was gone.

Jane, gun in hand, sends his little terrier Raggles behind the curtain. The little dog drags himself out half mad with fear and [illegible]. Jane begins to think there may be something in the [illegible]

The Woman Bowed, and Two Slender Hands Lifted the Filmy Veil and Threw It Back.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXI.

In the Laboratory

CHANDA STEEB bore up well under Jimmy's questioning about her actions the night of her father's death, but I could see that the strain was telling on her.

"What happened when you reached the house next door?" Jimmy asked.

From the casual tone of the question I knew that Jimmy had forgotten Chanda Steeb's relationship to the dead man and how harrowing the experience must have been for her. But almost immediately he remembered and there was sympathy in his face as he listened to her brave attempt to answer.

"My father was lying in the upper hall, just as he had fallen. Dr. Waverly was there with two or three detectives and Mr. Stoddard was just being locked into one of the bedrooms. I wasn't there long because Lalah had foolishly gone upstairs into that seance room and it threw her into a fit of hysterics. She had to be carried back here and put to bed."

Jimmy was plainly interested by something in this recital. He addressed his next question, not to Chanda, but to Dr. Waverly.

"Did you see the maid when she was having her attack?"

"Yes. I took care of her until she quieted down."

"Did she speak of seeing anything in the seance room?"

"Why, no." The Doctor looked puzzled, then seemed to realize the purport of the question. "Oh, I understand. You thought she might have seen someone in that room with the [illegible], but it's impossible. Nobody could have got either in or out of the house. I know because Singh and I helped the detectives check the windows and doors immediately after the murder."

"Singh helped them check?"

"Yes, the man they called Wilson was busy upstairs with McCarthy, so Singh and I went around with Kellogg to look at the windows and doors."

"How did you find them?"

"They were all fastened on the inside except the window by the front door, which was open but had a locked screen. McCarthy and Kellogg were standing there at the time of the murder so it would have been impossible for anyone to have escaped that way."

"You're sure none of the windows were open?"

"Absolutely certain. After Harlan's death the place was closed and locked upstairs and down, and has remained so ever since."

There was an interval of silence while Jimmy mused over this, then he turned to Chanda Steeb. "I wonder if I might see your father's bedroom?"

"Why, of course, [illegible]."

"I've got to ask your help, too, Dr. Waverly. Would you mind going next door and," he drew out his watch, "in exactly five minutes, trying to reproduce the sounds that occurred last night?"

"I don't believe I understand what you mean."

"I mean that I wish you to go into the study, stand at the end farthest from the door, where Stoddard believes the Colonel was standing, and then give a loud scream. After that I want you to run quickly out the door, onto the landing and throw something heavy over the balustrade, something approximately the weight of the Colonel. There's an armchair leather chair by the door which I think will do nicely. Wilson's over there on guard and he'll help you."

"I'll do the best I can." The Doctor looked a trifle doubtful but he compared his watch with Jimmy's and left for the house next door as Chanda Steeb led the way upstairs.

The Colonel's room was a pleasant, sunny place, with high windows which looked out on the street. Toward the rear, a door [illegible] clothes closet, and [illegible] door disclosed a [illegible]. Like the rest of the house, the room was filled with heavy Victorian furniture. There was an enormous bed with a hideous canopy of carved walnut, [illegible] chairs and a bureau and wardrobe to match. The room was large, but even in its generous space the massive pieces seemed to be crowding upon each other.

"My word!" Jimmy exclaimed. "[illegible] Vermont."

"It's awful!" Chanda said, "but my father liked it. He picked it up with a lot of other pieces when they auctioned an old house downtown. They told him it came around the Horn in a sailing packet." As she spoke she moved toward the bathroom. "I'm afraid the five minutes is almost up. If you'd like to stand where I stood when I heard the scream last night it was right here."

Jimmy nodded and took his place just inside the door of the bathroom which also opened onto the hall. He stood with his eyes on his watch and we waited beside him. One minute passed, two, then suddenly we felt a dull shock. I say "felt" rather than "heard" because it was more a vibration than a sound.

"There's the chair dropping!" I exclaimed; and then, in surprise, "I didn't [illegible] scream, did you?"

"No." Chanda Steeb looked astonished. "I didn't hear a thing."

"It's not important." Jimmy's voice was casual, but I sensed some emotion back of it. "The Doctor probably didn't yell loud enough. We'll get him to do it over." He was starting toward the door when there came a strange, prolonged whistle from above.

"That's my husband calling me," Chanda Steeb explained. "Will you excuse me for a moment?" She ran out toward the staircase beyond and the instant she disappeared Jimmy was across the room tugging at the heavy bed.

"Quick!" he commanded. "Help me."

Bewildered, I joined him. "What on earth are you trying to do?"

"Trying to find out if there's any opening between this room and the house next door."

"But you've already looked at the other side of the wall."

"Yes; but I want to satisfy myself from this side, too."

With considerable difficulty we pulled the bed away from the wall and disclosed an expanse of unbroken plaster.

"Nothing here," Jimmy admitted. "We'll try the wardrobe." With [illegible] strength, we moved the bed back and made for the massive clothes press, which stood [illegible]

[illegible]

"[illegible] Steeb [illegible] You think he [illegible] them?"

"I don't think he did the killing."

[illegible]

Jimmy interrupted him coolly.

(Continued on Page 1[illegible])

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 15)

[illegible] must have [illegible] to be helpful [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Jimmy moved [illegible] and I followed [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Will you [illegible] my not going [illegible] afraid to [illegible]"

Don't think of [illegible] down [illegible] Dr. [illegible] the [illegible]

CHAPTER XXII.

A Startling Revelation.

S[illegible]

"[illegible] Do you [illegible]"

"No," [illegible]

[illegible] the Doc- [illegible] do [illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] The Doctor [illegible]

"You're [illegible] was genuine?"

"Absolutely genuine. The suffering was [illegible], but at least three [illegible] for his death the knee [illegible] swollen."

"When [illegible] walking difficult?"

"Yes, extremely so."

Instead of continuing [illegible] Jimmy [illegible] watch. "Have [illegible] S[illegible] have you ever examined his eyes?"

"No," the Doctor shook his head. "He had infantile paralysis in childhood and has been an invalid for years. Except for various nervous troubles which are directly traceable to his crippled condition he's had no real illness since I came to San Francisco, and even if he had, I doubt if I'd have been called. He's always been abominably aloof about his [illegible]. Possibly because [illegible] anyone who [illegible] fond of [illegible]."

"[illegible] can't [illegible] entirely paralyzed?"

"Yes; I can answer [illegible] that. They're shrunken and weak but only partially paralyzed. He's able to get in and out of his chair and go from room to room with the aid of canes." He seemed suddenly to realize where his answers were tending, and broke off. "You mustn't get any wild ideas from what I'm saying, Mr. Lane. To climb even one flight of stairs without help would be quite beyond him."

Jimmy nodded without speaking and I saw that his thoughts were already elsewhere. "As to Singh's wife, Lalah," he asked, "just what would you say was the cause of her collapse last night?"

"Why, shock, of course. She's been upset ever since Harlan Grant's death and the sight of the Colonel's body was too much for her."

"But she wasn't looking at the Colonel when he went to pieces," Jimmy pointed out. "I distinctly remember Mrs. St[illegible] saying she was in the [illegible] room."

"That's true, but it doesn't change my diagnosis. She's suffering from a form of hysteria produced by shock."

"'Hysteria produced by shock'," Jimmy repeated and lapsed into a silence which was so protracted that I thought he had forgotten his surroundings. In the end he came to himself with a sigh. "Deeper and darker," he said wearily, "it grows deeper and darker every step we take." Then, to the Doctor: "Can you tell me where Singh is hiding himself?"

"He isn't exactly hiding; he's with his wife. I've been intending to look in and see how she's feeling. If you wish, I'll send him in."

"Please do. In a world of chaos only one thing stands out as absolutely proven . . . Singh is the fellow who's been blackmailing Norah Fallon. I yearn to exchange a few words with him."

"Very well." The Doctor rose briskly. "I'll send him to you."

He was as good as his word, and a moment later Singh was in the room. His entrance had been as silent as a shadow but we were warned by the little whistling sound made by Mowgli, the marmoset, which was riding on his shoulder.

"You wished to see me, sar?" he asked in his flat, emotionless voice, and Jimmy nodded.

"I do." His tone was faintly sardonic. "I have a message for you, Singh. A message from a lady."

If the man was startled he gave no sign. Instead, he merely inclined his head politely and waited. "It's from Miss Fallon's maid, Clara. She regrets exceedingly that she cannot meet you at eight tonight for she has been unavoidably detained by the police." There was an interval of silence while the Hindu stood, still unmoved. Jimmy regarded him impatiently. "You don't seem to be interested in the message," he said at length. "Is it possible that you don't realize what it means? We're on to you and your little blackmailing friend, Singh. We're on to you completely."

Singh's face was still impassive, but he nodded slightly. "Yes, sar. I quite understand."

"And what have you to say for yourself?"

For a space of half a minute Singh studied the wall over Jimmy's head, then he spoke quietly. "I have nothing to say, sar . . . I must think."

His imperturbability was plainly getting on Jimmy's nerves.

"I advise you to do it quickly," he snapped. "If you don't, you may find yourself thinking in jail."

As though he had not heard, Singh closed his eyes and went into some sort of quiet contemplation, the marmoset cuddling down on his shoulder in unconscious imitation. In the end he spoke. "I will see you, sar, at eight o'clock tonight."

For the fraction of a second I thought Jimmy would answer angrily, then he controlled himself and asked, "Why eight o'clock?"

The man glanced over his shoulder toward the stairs and sank his voice to a half whisper. "I have something of importance which I must tell you, and it is better I should not say it here but at the place where you live."

"Why not go with us now?"

"Because I wish to bring my wife. She has been ill and it will take me a little time to prepare her."

Jimmy looked at him keenly for a moment, then nodded. "Very well, eight o'clock it is!" He was starting toward the door when he evidently thought better of it and came back into the room. "See here, Singh . . . I want you to give me at least a hint of what you intend to tell us tonight. It will show that you mean to play straight."

Singh looked at him with his sharp, black eyes, then nodded slowly. "It is fair," he said. "I will tell you this much: I was not speaking the truth when I said I did not see my master after I took Mr. Stoddard to his study upon Monday night. I was up there later . . . at midnight."

"Midnight!" Jimmy's face tightened. "Then you saw——"

"Yes, sar. I believe that I saw who was with him when he died."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Singh Makes a Confession.

SINGH'S appointment was for eight o'clock, which gave us time to refresh ourselves with baths and with dinner. While we waited in the study I tried to draw Jimmy out about his impressions of the afternoon. He refused to speculate upon what Singh might have to tell us, but upon the subject of the Steeb[illegible] he was more communicative.

"They're a queer pair," he said. "Darned if I can make 'em out . . . and yet I've a feeling that they ought to fit into this affair somewhere."

"You mean you think they may have had something to do with the murders?"

"It's possible. The man is obviously terrified . . . almost insane with fear. But, whether he's frightened because he thinks the murderer will be after him next, or because he's got some guilty knowledge and suspects he'll be found out I can't say."

"But he couldn't have been in the seance room. The Doctor said it would have been impossible for him to climb those stairs."

"The Doctor merely said he couldn't have climbed them without help."

"You're intimating that his wife may have helped him? But that's absurd! Why, the girl's a perfect saint."

"There's a pretty thin dividing line between saint and sinner, Phil, and Steeb seems to have her thoroughly under his thumb. Oh," he raised his hand quickly to forestall my speaking, "I'm not saying that Chanda Steeb would deliberately assist in a murder, but if she found her husband had committed one I could imagine her shielding him."

"But what possible reason——"

"The root of all evil: money, my son. Didn't you hear Steeb's harangue about his poverty? To an [illegible] murder might seem justifiable if there was a great [illegible] discovery at stake." He shook his head impatiently. "What's the use of our speculating? Singh will be here soon, and what he has to tell us may answer [illegible] questions."

"You're [illegible] sure he will come? You don't think he may slide out, or that someone may polish him off to prevent his speaking?"

"I'm not a fool," Jimmy snapped. "McCarthy had a man watching ever since Norah heard that maid of hers phoning him."

"How about the maid? Were you telling Singh the truth when you said she was in the hands of the police?"

"Yes; they had her down for questioning this afternoon but they didn't get [illegible] of her. I never [illegible] that they would." He broke off as Friday ushered in Singh.

Ruggles, who had been lying before the fire, pricked up his ears and [illegible]. This, in itself was unusual, for the pup was a friendly [illegible], and I saw Jimmy glance down with an expression of worry. Ruggles was not yet himself from his experience of the night before and he had spent the day lying, quiet and listless, upon the hearth; but at sight of the couple who were entering, he sprang erect with an angry snarl.

To tell the truth, I didn't blame him. Singh, in a dark suit and turban was weird enough but the woman who leaned on his arm was even stranger. From head to foot she was in black, with a heavy crepe-bordered veil which hung over her close hat to her waist in front, and almost to the hem of her gown behind. This concealing not only her features but her hands as well, gave a curious, inhuman effect. One felt that the lifting of the veil might disclose some dreadful thing.

The odd pair advanced to the center of the room, and Jimmy moved forward to meet them. All evening I had been wondering what his attitude would be toward Singh. The fellow was, without doubt, a blackmailer—and quite possibly a murderer. At the same time, there was something about him which vaguely commanded respect; and tonight he was not only accompanied by a woman but was also, in a way, Jimmy's guest. Almost at once I saw that my friend had taken his tone from this last fact for his manner was that of a host. He held out his hand, and as the Hindu returned the civility it seemed to me a slight expression of relief crossed his dark face.

"This is my wife, sar."

"How do you do, Mrs. Singh." Jimmy spoke a trifle diffidently, and I guessed that he was wondering how to greet the veiled figure.

The woman bowed, and two slender hands lifted the filmy veil and threw it back, disclosing the pale, lined face of a woman between forty and fifty. She was evidently weak and ill for her hands were shaking and her eyes were sunken and heavy lidded. And yet, in spite of the ravages of time and some strong, recent emotion, I could see that she had once been beautiful. Her skin was infinitely lighter than Singh's, and her hair was brown rather than black: but her features were distinctly Oriental in cast with the elusive loveliness of the East which is so difficult to put into words. As she turned her great dark eyes on me, I thought of the ladies of Hafiz and the Thousand and One Nights.

(Continued on Page 17)

"It was beyond the curtains, but there was a sort of light behind her and I could see her reflection in the window quite plainly."

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)

Evidently Jimmy was equally struck by her appearance for he stood an appreciable time looking down into her face with a puzzled frown before he recovered and drew a chair up to the fire.

"I'm sorry to hear that you have been ill, Mrs. Singh, and I appreciate your coming tonight."

Lalah Singh accepted the chair and dropped into it with a pitiable air of weariness. "We have come because we need help," she said, and I noted that her English was perfect, without even the trace of accent which broadened her husband's vowels. "We are in need of a friend."

Singh cleared his throat and began, a trifle uncertainly, "I have something to tell you, sar. But I do not know that you will believe me. It is hard for you Americans to believe many things which we of India accept without question."

"You might try us," Jimmy suggested cheerfully. "After all, I'm a writer, and believing things is part of my business."

"Yes; that is why I came to you instead of the police. They would only laugh at me."

"And probably worse," Jimmy agreed. "What you have to tell might cause you to be implicated in the murders, isn't that so?"

Singh looked startled. "You are psychic, sar."

"Not exactly. It's easy to see there must have been something pretty strong to hold you back from telling what you know since it's plainly scaring Mrs. Singh into nervous prostration. Was it because you were afraid to confess that you saw Grant again Monday night?"

"Yes." Singh nodded. "I lied when I told the police I had gone straight to bed after my walk. The truth is I returned at midnight and went, into the lower house to see if Mr. Grant needed me."

Lalah Had Foolishly Gone Upstairs Into That Seance Room and It Threw Her Into a Fit of Hysterics.

"And you talked with him?"

"No; when I reached the top of the stairs the door was closed but there is a little square glass set in the panel—"

"We know it. You looked through and saw Grant?"

"Not Mr. Grant himself, I saw his reflection. He was at the far end of the room near the curtains, but the night outside was dark and the big window behind his desk reflected everything."

"Was he alone?"

"No; there was a lady with him."

"A lady!" Jimmy exclaimed. "Was it anyone you know?"

Singh's voice, coming from the shadowy depths of the chair was low and grave. "Yes, sar. I knew the lady once, but she has been dead for many years."

"The Doctor's Wife!"

"Mrs. Waverly!" Both Jimmy and I spoke at once.

"Yes, sar. It was Mrs. Waverly."

"But . . ." Jimmy fairly stuttered in his astonishment, "but it couldn't have been . . . you must be mistaken!"

Singh shook his head. "I could not be mistaken. Mrs. Waverly was very beautiful. Once you had seen her you could not forget."

"But that was ten years ago," Jimmy objected. "Even if she were alive she would be changed."

"She was not alive," Singh was quietly certain, "and she was not changed. She was exactly as you saw her in that portrait."

"You mean she was in that gold dress?"

"Yes, sar, and her long hair was hanging down over her shoulders."

There was a moment of complete silence while a cold sort of horror seemed to envelop the room. My forehead was damp and I felt the sinking sensation which is associated with nightmares. Jimmy, too, seemed affected. For a moment he stared at the Hindu, then dropped back into his chair.

"Go on," he said, "tell us where she was standing."

"It was beyond the curtains, but there was a sort of light behind her and I could see her reflection in the window quite plainly."

"How was Grant acting? Did he seem frightened?"

"He was so frightened I thought he would go mad, sar. He was standing where the light fell on him and I —" he put his hand to his forehead and closed his eyes with the same gesture I remembered the Colonel using. "I have not been able to forget his face . . . ."

Jimmy came out of a temporary stupefaction to ask a question. "Have you seen anything of this . . . this apparition, Mrs. Singh?"

"No; I have not seen her, but I have been conscious she was there."

"Conscious? What do you mean?"

"I have smelled her fragrance. Mrs. Waverly was very fond of one particular perfume and she used it always. It was——"

"Good heaven, don't tell me it was jasmine!"

"Yes; jasmine."

If anything was needed to complete our demoralization it was this. All the horror of an unseen and shadowy world seemed to reach out and enfold us. I don't know how long we were silent, battling with our several terrors, but in the end Jimmy spoke.

"You are absolutely sure there could be no mistake about Mrs. Waverly's death? I know her husband was away when it happened. Could she possibly be still alive?"

"No." Lalah Singh's voice was low but positive, "I was with her when she died."

"And was Grant . . . was he there, too?" The husband and wife exchanged quick glances and Jimmy spoke, almost harshly: "There's no use your trying to keep anything back. We know the relations between Grant and Mrs. Waverly."

Singh drew a quick breath of relief. "If you know already, we may speak. Mr. Grant was not there when she died."

"Afraid of cholera, eh?"

"No, sar. Mrs. Waverly did not die of cholera."

"But I thought the Doctor——"

"We told her husband it was cholera because we did not wish him to know the truth. Mrs. Waverly killed herself."

This was news with a vengeance, but both of us were beyond wonder. We permitted him to go on without interruption: "Mrs. Waverly was young, you understand, and she loved my master madly, but she did not wish to deceive the Doctor. She insisted that when he returned she would tell him the truth."

"And Grant wouldn't have it?"

"No; he wanted things to go on as they were."

"It was he who killed her!" Lalah's voice broke in. She had been sitting quietly in her chair and the outburst was as startling as it was sudden. "He was growing tired, and he threw her aside. Even though my mistress killed herself, it was he who drove her to it. That is why she does not lie quiet in her grave."

In the silence that followed all of the Lady Elfrieda's words about "malign spirits" came back to me. They had seemed absurd and laughable at the time, but now . . . I was not so sure.

Jimmy evidently shared my thoughts. "You believe," he asked softly, "that Mrs. Waverly returned and killed Grant?"

"I believe that she returned and the shock killed him."

"But what about the Colonel? She had no quarrel with him."

Lalah shook her head. "Why she came I do not know, but I believe she was there again the night the Colonel died, and it was the sight of her that sent him out of the room and caused him to fall from the landing."

Jimmy started and sat erect. "You collapsed in the study," he suddenly remembered, "just after the Colonel fell. Was it because you saw your dead mistress?"

"No," Lalah spoke slowly, "I did not see her . . . I merely felt she was there. On the night the Colonel died I was in my bedroom, but, about eleven o'clock, when I started to go to bed, I discovered that Mowgli had disappeared. He adores Mrs. Steeb and is always trying to get to her, so I knew he was probably upstairs. When I reached the landing I saw the little imp sitting beside the door of the Colonel's bedroom. Just as I started after him I heard a scream, somewhere far off . . . and then an awful jar, as though something heavy had dropped."

"The Colonel's body falling."

"Yes; I was so startled that I cried out, and an instant later Mrs. Steeb ran out of the bathroom and said the scream had come from next door. She told me to have my husband go over immediately and find out what had happened. A few minutes later the detectives came to tell us of the Colonel's death, and I went over to the next house with Mrs. Steeb."

"Just a minute," Jimmy interrupted, "while you were in the upper hall looking for Mowgli, did you see anything of Mr. Steeb or hear him call?"

"No, I went downstairs immediately."

"Very well, go on with what happened when you reached the other house. Mrs. Steeb has told us that you found everyone around the body in the upper hall. What did you do next?"

"I left them looking at the body and crept up to that room overhead. I don't know that I can make you understand what took me there, but I had loved Mrs. Waverly and I was not afraid of her; at least—not then. My husband told about seeing her the night Mr. Grant died and I thought perhaps if I went up into the study it might help her to . . . to return . . ." Her voice trailed away uncertainly, and Jimmy nodded.

"You thought you might persuade her to go back to the . . . 'other plane'?"

"Yes," Lalah Singh was grateful, "that was it. I went into the room overhead. It was dark, and the curtains were half drawn in front of the mirror so that I could not see, but I felt that someone . . . something . . . was there in the shadow. I went half across the floor, then—I do not know how to tell you—something seemed to grip me here." She put her hand to her heart. "Something so horrible that I could not go on. I knew if I looked behind those curtains I should die. My legs were failing, I felt faint, but I managed to get back to the door of the room then . . . everything went black."

"She collapsed," Singh explained, "and they carried her next door."

Jimmy was leaning forward eagerly. "You say that you went half way across the room toward the curtains. Are you sure you didn't see anything there?"

For a moment she hesitated, then, "Just before I began to feel faint, I remember, dimly, that I noticed something yellow."

Jimmy sprang to his feet. "Tell us what it was like!" he exclaimed. "Was it something tall . . . between the curtains?"

"No . . . it wasn't tall, and it wasn't between the curtains. It was just a strange sort of yellow light upon the floor."

CHAPTER XXIV.

We Review the Evidence.

THE next day was Sunday and I woke to the steady drumming of rain against the window pane.

Was it only the night before that the Hindu couple had sat in the room below and told their fantastic tale about the dead woman with her gold dress, her yellow hair? Was it possible that the whole thing was a fabrication? No; I was ready to swear that it was not. Nothing but sheer terror could have marked Lalah's face in that fashion, and the whole demeanor of the man had shown sober belief. Mistaken he might have been, but lying he certainly was not.

He was even willing to be quite frank about the scheme to blackmail Norah; he had nothing against Miss Fallon, he explained, but she was rich—very rich—and would not miss the money. He and Lalah were desperate to go back to India. His reasons for this desperation were vague and, I thought, a trifle unconvincing. He could only repeat that Grant's death had frightened them so they wanted to run away, and for that they needed money.

Jimmy asked, naturally enough, why they did not go to Chanda Steeb for the money. Surely, she would let them have enough for a trip to India. It was here that Lalah Singh answered for her husband. Mrs. Steeb would let them have it, and gladly, she informed us; Mrs. Steeb was so generous that she would give the clothing off her back to the poor, but she had no money of her own. All that her husband made went back into his researches. He was mad for money (Lalah had shown a depth of feeling here which was surprising), mad and cruel, wickedly cruel, and not half so sick as he pretended. He liked to have his wife wait on him hand and foot, liked to make a slave of her . . .

It was at this point that some sort of warning seemed to pass from Singh to his wife, and her fierce denunciation of Steeb broke off. As though to modify her words, she added that Mr. Steeb was a clever man, very clever, and Mrs. Steeb was glad to slave for him because she believed that some day he would make a great discovery which would help the world.

Jimmy, who had been listening intently to her diatribe against Steeb, plainly lost interest when it changed to feeble praise, and switched to another subject. It was, to my surprise, the Lady Elfrieda. How often had she been in the habit of visiting Grant? How long did she stray after the seances were over? Was he in the habit of seeing her elsewhere?

It was here that Singh betrayed his first hint of reticence. He knew nothing about his master's relations with Mrs. Chapman, he protested, and still less about the seances. In order that he might not be accused of causing the manifestations, he was always sent out of the room when a "demonstration" was in progress. That had been the reason for the fixing of the bolt on the door, in order that people who were attending the seance could satisfy themselves that no one could possibly get in from the outside. He even professed entire ignorance of the spirits that were said to return at his master's bidding. He had never been present during a materialization.

His nervous distress, reflected by his wife, was so painful during this part of the inquisition that Jimmy took pity on them, cut his questions short, and permitted them to go home.

As I lay in bed, listening to the mournful sound of the rain, I was wondering what had caused their agitation when Jimmy asked about Grant's occult power. Was it possible that the Lady Elfrieda's vaporings were true and the man had actually broken through the veil which separated us from the dead?

I was fiercely rejecting the thought when the door of my bedroom opened and Jimmy appeared, followed by Friday, bearing a tray with two steaming cups of coffee.

"Look here," he began, "I want to ask you something. Have you ever seen that Singh woman before?"

"Of course not. Have you?"

"Not that I know of, but I haven't slept all night for thinking of her. I swear there's something familiar about her face. It's as though I'd known her somewhere when she was much younger."

"But that's impossible," I pro-

(Continued on Page 18)

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Going—with just a brief word of farewell! Another romance ended—and still she didn't suspect why

"What have I done to offend you?" she asked with a brave, forced smile .... But how could he mention a fault like "B.O."?

SHE pocketed her pride. She *begged* him to tell her what had come between them. The reason for his sudden coolness that night of the dance . . . his abrupt departure now.

So distressed, so unsuspecting! His heart ached with pity, yet he was powerless to console. For how could he tell her that what had cooled his ardor was . . . *her unforgivable carelessness about* "B. O." (*body odor*)!

A girl may be "pretty as a picture"—a man handsome as a young god. Yet one hint of "B. O."—and all charm vanishes. If we want to be popular, happy in love, successful in business—we *must* guard against the slightest possibility of offending.

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Fear Of Fear By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 17)

tested. "You've never been in India."

"No; and yet there's something about the woman that haunts me."

"I think it's just her type. I felt as you did, at first, then I realized she was the prototype of a good many pictures I've seen. Persian prints . . .medieval saints, and that sort of thing."

Jimmy was staring at me fixedly and I saw there was some idea forming in the back of his mind. "By Jove," he said softly, and again, "by Jove!" But when I questioned him he shook his head. "Just a mad idea. Not worth going into at present.

"I'm looking for the Chief at any minute," he told me. "The District Attorney is back and they plan to take definite action tomorrow. The inquest on the Colonel will be held in the morning and after that the Chief expects the case against Stoddard in shape for the D. A. to give to the Grand Jury."

"The case against Stoddard?" My poor, over-burdened mind struggled with the thought. So much had happened since yesterday that I had completely forgotten Dick Stoddard was still being held for the murders.

Jimmy saw my effort, and grinned. "Sounds quaint, doesn't it? Sort of back-in-the-dark-ages. It's hard to realize that the Chief doesn't know all we know."

"Of course you'll tell him."

"And of course he won't believe me. Can you imagine hard-headed guys like the Chief and the District Attorney taking stock in a ghost story? Why, they'll laugh their heads off." He was watching me as he spoke and I knew he wanted an opinion.

"It is absurd," I agreed. "Worse than absurd; it's insane. And yet, somehow, all the time Singh was talking, I had a feeling——" I broke off helplessly, unable to express what was in my mind; but Jimmy nodded, quite satisfied.

"I had it, too. Still have, for that matter."

For a moment we stared at each other, then:

"You think there's something in it?" I asked.

"I know there's something in it. Look at this." He brought forth a typewritten page and spread it upon the table before me. Here's a list I wish you'd look over."

I picked up the page and read the paragraphs which were headed:

Things to Be Remembered.

1. The former owner of the house, Amos Harcastle, died in the same room as Grant.

2. Grant's mother died with the same expression of fear upon her face that was noticed in the case of Grant and the Colonel.

3. Norah Fallon, the Colonel, and the Doctor all speak of the phrase, "fear of fear," used by Grant, and the Doctor says that he lived in constant fear of some occult manifestation.

4. Norah Fallon, Mrs. Chapman, and the Colonel all insist that Grant was nervous and apparently worried by something for at least two weeks before his death.

5. Mrs. Chapman says he spoke of giving a woman cause to hate him at some time in his life.

6. Singh and Lalah say that his treatment of Mrs. Waverly was responsible for her suicide.

7. Stoddard and the Colonel noticed a distinct odor of jasmine in the study on two different occasions.

8. Lalah testifies that jasmine was the perfume used constantly by Mrs. Waverly.

9. Upon the night of Grant's death, Singh looked into the seance room and saw what he believes to be Mrs. Waverly's spirit talking to Grant.

10. This spirit had long, yellow hair, and in every other way resembled the portrait of Mrs. Waverly which was painted just before her death.

11. Upon the night of the Colonel's death, Stoddard heard him speaking to someone at the far end of the study.

12. A moment later he rushed out of the door with an expression of insane horror on his face and plunged headlong off the landing.

13. Wilson, a detective, glancing into the room immediately afterwards, testifies that he saw "something yellow" between the curtains. It was about the height of "a small man" and was "like a yellow veil."

14. Lalah Singh, upon going into the study a little later, had a feeling that there was something behind the curtains and saw a "yellow light upon the floor." This was accompanied by such a sense of horror that she fainted and was prostrated by shock.

15. Wilson, entering the study a few moments later, saw nothing, but experienced the same feeling of indescribable horror.

16. The Doctor states that Grant often brought Mrs. Waverly back from the "spirit plane" so that he could talk to her, but that he never obtained a complete "materialization."

17. Grant's followers claim that he was frequently in communication with the other world and believe that he was killed by a "malignant spirit."

The list came to an end and I laid it down, stunned by its completeness. "Good heaven," I said, "the thing's incredible! And yet it's all true . . .every word of it."

"Yes." Jimmy nodded. "We have the testimony of at least eight witnesses, all crisscrossing in such a fashion that we'd be utter fools to deny it. And in addition, we have the testimony of our own senses. We were in that room, you remember, within an hour of the Colonel's death—and I felt that strange sensation, which Lalah and Wilson describe, that abominable sick horror."

"I felt it, too," I confessed. "And there was Ruggles . . ."

"Yes," Jimmy shivered, although the room was warm. "I haven't put him down on the list because nobody would believe it who hadn't been there to see." He paused and stared at the paper with somber eyes. "By Jove, Phil, there's something unholy here, something abominable. Because of our ignorance we're helpless, and it may go on and on . . ."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Bah! You are a fool . . . a dunderhead!" Steeb Shouted at Lane. "You will let us all be murdered while you sit back and do nothing because you believe in spirits——"

Science Explains the "Magic" of Indian Fakirs

(Continued from Double Page)

canny about the tree. A breeze which rustled over the vegetation stirred no leaf of the mango tree, and, most curious of all, each man could only see the tree plainly from the spot at which he had first noticed it.

As any one advanced the tree grew smaller and fainter, and as he receded from his first point of observation the mango grew bigger and dimmer, and things could be seen through it.

Professor Schmidt made a sudden dash for it, and ran over the spot without finding anything tangible. When he turned, the vision had changed strangely. The tree was between him and the sun, which showed straight through the trunk and leaves. Then he noticed for the first time that it cast no shadow.

A bird flew through the branches without ruffling a feather.

One of the Professor's assistants arrived at the scene and stood looking from one person to the other, puzzled at what was going on. Suddenly the tree vanished and the fakir solemnly dug up and pocketed his mango seed.

The mango trick is, as already shown, done in three different ways. It became apparent from Professor Schmidt's investigations that the fakirs always perform this feat in the easiest and laziest manner, which is mere jugglery of a very common order.

Only when forced by the suspicions of the audience do they perform it in the second method, using water and the concealed hole in the ground. Still more rare is the occasion for resorting to the third method. But if the observer is still suspicious the fakir proceeds grudgingly, for it requires his uttermost powers.

By his movements and sound he hypnotizes his audience until they see what he tells them. This was proved to Professor Schmidt's satisfaction by having one of his assistant investigators appear on the scene late. This man saw no tree whatever, because he had not been hypnotized.

Indian fakirs are very rarely persuaded to perform the rope trick for foreigners, and the explanation of the hallucinations produced by the breathing exercizes makes it easy to understand why they do not like to run the risk of discovery by doing the trick before the eyes of others than natives who are adepts in Yogi breathing.

But the "basket trick" is a popular one, and the fakirs are glad to perform it anywhere at any time.

To put his assistant into the basket and make him "disappear into thin air" requires a specially shaped basket and a rather small-sized assistant. The basket trick is nothing more nor less than a conjuror's trick and requires no scientist to explain. The photographs and diagrams really tell the whole story.

The basket must be big enough for the fakir's assistant to turn around in, leaving a space in the middle for the magician himself to jump into. The fakir first holds the basket up to the audience for examination to show that there is no trick side or bottom to it. After the usual hokus-pokus preliminaries, gestures and incantations, the fakir tells his assistant to step into the basket, and he presses down on his head to create the illusion that the basket is almost too small to hold a human being.

As the assistant disappears inside the basket a cloth is thrown over it and the fakir gets quite excited, waving his arms around, shouting or muttering magic words and crouching down behind the cloth-covered basket. After allowing time for the assistant to vanish into the air, the fakir jumps to his feet and hops into the basket, and seems to kick his feet around to show that the basket is empty.

But to prove beyond any doubt that there is nobody in the basket, the fakir plunges a long sword through the basket's lid and side. This is made possible by the way the assistant presses himself against the walls of the basket, making sure to leave space for the fakir to jump in and room for the sword to be thrust through from several directions.

Another trick which is surely a matter of conjuring is known as the "materialization" miracle. As in the basket trick, so also the materialization trick is explained quite clearly by the three diagrams.

The magician comes on the stage with a child concealed in his clothing and holding a rug or cloak in front of him. After the appropriate amount of gesticulations and magic nonsense, to give the boy time to step down onto the stage, the rug or cloth is swept aside and the "materialized child" is revealed.

India is the most backward nation in the world, full of strange religious sects and rituals, where illiteracy, poverty and ignorance are appalling. It is not surprising that in such an atmosphere these "miracles" of mysticism should flourish. And besides the tricks of the magicians, some of which have been described and explained in this article, there is an endless variety of fakirs and "holy men" who do the most absurd things to attract attention and earn a livelihood. Some of these sit for hours on a bed of sharp nails; others balance high in the air on a wire all day long; some bury themselves in the ground up to their lips, keeping their eyes on the little basin into which an occasional penny is tossed.

One of the illustrations with this article shows a "holy man" who in early life tied his arm to a support, where it was held in an upright position night and day for so many years that it became shrunken and rigid. At last, when it was so attenuated that it looked like the arm of a mummy and the muscles so lifeless from disuse that it could never be lowered again, then the "holy man" was in proper condition to move out into the public gaze and feel assured of a living for the rest of his life from the pennies thrown him in appreciation of his silly and utterly useless achievement. As an extra bid for attention and contributions, the fingernails are usually allowed to grow long, and sometimes pierce the fingers, causing considerable pain. This is regarded as an extra meritorious achievement.

Pandora Lifts the Lid By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 14)

not see him any longer. Her eyes were swimming with tears. She tiptoed forward and knelt by the bedside. She whispered, "Quarrender. . . my dear."

Doc Stewart turned away.

"Hope he pulls through," he thought. "That kid must love him a lot."

All through that night Pan helped the nurse and Chris to fight for Quarrender's life. She assisted them in applying ice packs to his head, preparing the cold compresses. She worked indefatigably. Chris let her. He knew she was on the verge of a breakdown herself. Only through keeping busy could it be avoided.

But, of course, there were hours when nothing could be done for Quarrender. Pan would sit motionless by his bedside staring down into his face. And it was during those hours that a change, unrecognized yet, was wrought in Pan. For the first time in her life she thought wholly of someone else. Her own personality, her own dreams, her own ambitions, seemed of no consequence. The big gesture she had made in following Quarrender down here on a dare, what a stupid childish impulse it was now that she was face to face with the enormity of the thought that Quarrender might die. The futility of her own life seemed to mock her. She felt little and humble. As she had once, when as a kid, they had taken her into a vast cathedral and she had knelt in the half light before the high altar. She had not prayed, but she had felt a profound sense of humility. She felt it now. She wanted to kneel, to efface herself, to give her life that Quarrender might be saved.

The consultant, a doctor from the nearest large town, was there by nine. Chris took him straight in to see the patient. Afterwards they had a talk in Chris' study. Pan never knew afterwards how she lived through those minutes while she waited for the verdict. She sat huddled up on a red varnished kitchen chair, listening intently for the study door to open. Chris had promised to tell her immediately, but this delay made her apprehensive. By the time she actually heard Chris' footsteps in the corridor she was half hysterical.

"What. . .what does he say?" she demanded in a tense high-pitched voice.

Chris smiled reassuringly. "It's all right. Doctor Barnes thinks he will pull through. In fact, he is fairly certain of it."

Pan opened her eyes very wide and stammered, "You—mean that?"

"Sure."

Then she collapsed. She laid her head on the kitchen table and sobbed. It was the first time she had really cried since Chris had brought her news of the accident. And Chris, watching her compassionately, did not try to control her.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Chill Aspics for Hot Days

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

EVERY woman who reads a cook book is familiar with the term "aspic," which means a highly flavored meat jelly. But probably not one in ten knows the origin of this word, borrowed from the French cuisine. The "aspic" came from a dessert dish of jelly flavored with the leaves of the spike plant or aromatic lavender. Thus an aspic was a jelly "a-spike" easily contracted to the "aspic" of the modern kitchen.

Traditionally an aspic jelly involves many ingredients, a simmering of them for two hours or longer, a fussy straining through fine cheesecloth and a final skimming of grease after the jelly is set. It may even include "clarifying with egg shells" and similar elaborate processes.

But the modern woman has rightly found many ways to short-cut these oldtime demands without giving up the enjoyment of this shivering, cooling jelly which has so many possibilities in the hot weather menu.

Why go to the bother of simmering and straining if a food factory can do it for you even better? This year's housewife makes use of canned soups, bouillon cubes and other bottled fruit juices and products as the basis of her delicious aspics.

Beef bouillon, for example, as purchased in canned soup form, is ideal flavored stock to solidify with plain granulated gelatin; so, too, is consomme already "clarified" in the food factory to a more perfect liquid than can be done in the home kitchen. Bottled clam broth, now purchasable in small glass containers, is another seasoned liquor which can be thickened and chilled into refreshing cold soups and jellied dishes.

The ever-helpful bouillon cube, which may now be obtained not only in a strong beef but also in a chicken flavor, is another quick and easy way to a highly flavored stock. Two cubes may be used instead of one and a good proportion to remember is:

Four cubes plus 4 cups boiling water plus 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin dissolved in ½ cup cold water.

Many Summer aspics, especially those using salmon, crab, tuna fish and vegetables, are always delicious if embedded in a delicate lemon flavor. Here either natural lemon juice or lime juice may serve or one may take the short-cut of using the acidulated gelatin or ready-to-serve lemon gelatin always at hand in the kitchen cupboard, adding a little more salt, possibly a drop or two of Worcestershire or other sharp sauce.

Canned tomato soup, too, is one of the standbys of the hostess when she becomes aspic-conscious. Take a good, well seasoned brand of tomato soup, add a right proportion of water and gelatin, and lo, we have a zestful tomato aspic or jelly in a jiffy. Further, a tomato jelly is an excellent foundation to use with cold vegetables, crab and lobster, eggs and even frankfurters.

Some still think that any molded jelly as they call an aspic, is a difficult thing to handle or garnish attractively. If one wishes to make a jelly having fancy rings, or peppers, small cut out vegetables, slices of hard egg, etc., the method is as follows: rinse the mold, pan or bowl with cold water or brush lightly with a neutral cooking oil. Set mold over a pan of cracked ice. Lay in a small amount of jelly liquid and let begin to harden. While it is doing so place the garnishes in the jelly and let one row or layer become entirely firm. Then add more jelly and more garnishes or ingredients, always remembering to plan the design as it will appear from the outside, after the mold is inverted.

Then chill until firm, which may mean several hours in some cases, or overnight in others. Generally the more clear and liquid the aspic, the longer it takes to jell and the more gelatin which should be added in proportion to the liquid.

Practically every course in the Summer menu may be an aspic. Starting with the first there's cold clam or tomato or chicken aspic soup. Next, the main dish may be a fish, vegetable or cold meat aspic in a variety of flavored broths; or the salad gains in chill and charm if embedded in this type of cooling jelly. Last, the dessert, while not using a meat or strong flavor stock, may use fruit-juices or beverages, of which the ginger ale salad is perhaps the most unique and delicious jelly-dessert.

Economy of time, convenience and avoidance of all last-minute cooking bustle is insured to the hostess who specializes in aspic jellies for the hot end of Summer. Made early in the cool of the day, placed in the refrigerator to chill, all the dishes and attendant "scutter" washed up out of the way, Summer meals on a gelatin basis mean afternoons off for the housewife.

Jellied Soups: ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin, 4 cups highly seasoned stock or liquid (clam broth, tomato soup or tomato cocktail.)

Dissolve gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Heat stock and add softened gelatin to it. Chill. When partly solid, beat with fork or eggbeater. Always serve in cups.

Stuffed Eggs in Tomato Aspic: Use a sharp "devil" filling such as potted ham, or tongue in the eggs. Use canned tomato soup as the liquid for the aspic. Use a loaf brick mold and cover bottom with layer of thin aspic and allow to set. Lay in devilled eggs, and fill up with more aspic. Chill. Slice crosswise which will show cut slice of egg in center or red tomato jelly.

Frozen Tomato Salad: Use two cans tomato soup, adding additional onion juice, Worcestershire Sauce to make highly seasoned. Pour into coffee can or other roll mold and freeze. Slice crosswise and serve with horseradish mayonnaise.

Frozen Cheese Salads: Mash 2 fresh cream cheeses with ½ cup "snappy" or Roquefort cheese. Add salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice and a few drops Worcestershire. Add 1 tablespoon melted gelatin liquid and mix well. Fold in 1 cup cream whipped until stiff. Pack into brick mold. Chill. Serve in slices with vegetable or chicken salad.

Vegetable in Beef Aspic: Use bouillon cubes for flavoring the aspic. Use any cooked and diced vegetables in combination such as peas and string beans, lima beans, tomatoes and beets, with minced pimiento and parsley. Lay layer of aspic in preferred mold. Lay in vegetables, then cover with aspic. Chill. Serve with variously flavored mayonnaise.

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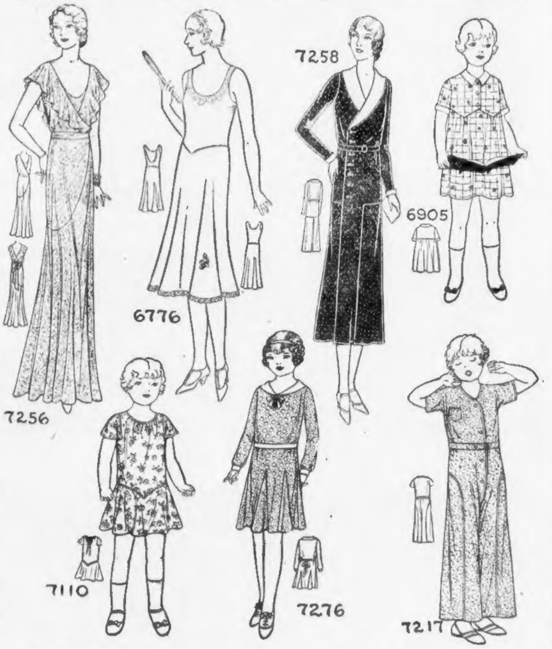

A CHARMING EVENING FROCK (7256). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5⅛ yards of 35-inch material if made with bertha. Without bertha, 4 yards will be required. The sash of ribbon will require 2⅞ yards.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE UNDERGARMENT (6776). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material. Lower edge and round neckline will require 3¾ yards of lace or edging. With U back, 4⅛ yards.

A STYLISH COAT DRESS (7258). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5¼ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard 39 inches wide.

A PRETTY FROCK (7110). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It will require 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material for a 6-year size. The ribbon bow requires 1 yard.

AN UP-TO-DATE MODEL (7276). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10-year size will require 3¼ yards of 27-inch material. Contrasting material requires ⅜ yard.

GIRL'S DRESS (6905). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 1¾ yards of 35-inch material. The collar and cuffs of contrasting material requires ¼ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

GIRL'S PAJAMAS (7217). Designed in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2½ yards of 29-inch material.

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Prunes, Poached Eggs with Broiled Bacon, French Rolls, Coffee.	Baked Apples Stuffed with Raisins, Prepared Cereal, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Green Tomatoes, Bacon, Graham Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, French Toast, Gooseberry Jam or Apple Jelly, Coffee.	Fruit, Eggs Scrambled with Bacon or Minced Ham, Toast or Rolls, Coffee.	Ripe Figs or Fruit, Broiled Bacon, Poached Eggs, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee.
Luncheon	Baked Stuffed Squash, Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad, German Apple Cake, Iced Tea.	Smoked Beef Sandwiches, Tomato Salad, Fig Trifle, Iced Tea.	Home Made Succotash, Corn Sticks, Mixed Fruit Sherbet, Iced Tea.	Corn Custard (Baked in Cups), Potatoes or Spaghetti, Rolls, Cantaloupe, Iced Punch.	Creamed Corn, Spiced Beets, Baked Potato Croquettes, Graham Tea Biscuits, Chocolate Bread Pudding (Chilled), Iced Tea.	Potato Salad, Egg and Sardine Balls, Sliced Tomatoes, Rolls, Cookies, Iced Tea.	
Dinner	Breaded Veal Cutlets (Baked), Buttered Noodles, Buttered Beets, Stewed Corn, Grape Sherbet, Delicate Cake.	Fillets of Fresh Fish (Fried in Deep Fat), Philadelphia Relish, Parsley Potato Balls, Buttered Peas, Lemon Meringue Pie.	Cold Beef Loaf, Stuffed Tomatoes on Crisp Lettuce, Swedish Prune Pudding.	Baked Meat Balls with Gravy, Baked Squash, Steamed Rice, Cabbage, Carrot, Pineapple and Raisin Salad, Cup Cakes with Maple Sauce.	Salmon Salad Garnished with Cucumber Boats, Ice Box Rolls, Pineapple Ice, Date Bars.	Vegetable Grill or Baked Macaroni, Cucumber Salad, Savory French Dressing, Apple Pie.	Watermelon Cocktail (Garnish with Mint Leaves), Cold Roast Chicken (Prepared on Saturday), Steamed Rice, Reheated Giblet Gravy, Buttered Lima Beans and Corn, Sweet Pickled Cantaloupe, Coffee Mousse.
Supper							Emergency Sandwiches (Left-Overs), Chocolate Caramel Milk Shake.

Can Everything—Waste Nothing

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pickled Lime and Green Tomato Jam.

PRESS 1 dozen choice green tomatoes and 1 dozen pickled limes through meat grinder. Add 3 pounds sugar, stir until dissolved, bring to boiling point and simmer 3 hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Pear Ginger.

WASH eight pounds of firm pears. Remove stems, quarter and core. Cut into small pieces. Add four pounds sugar and five pieces of ginger root. Let stand overnight. Add two thinly sliced lemons and cook gently until thick. When pears are transparent remove to sterilized jars and reduce syrup by boiling until as thick as desired. The fruit and syrup should be a rich amber color. It is convenient to have the kettle on an asbestos mat to prevent burning.

Favorite Relish.

WASH ½ bushel green tomatoes and ½ peck green peppers. Peel ½ peck onions and slice 2 medium sized heads cabbage. Put vegetables separately through meat grinder, using large cutter. Sprinkle alternate layers of the vegetables with 1½ cups salt, cover and let stand over night. In the morning drain, add 3 pounds light brown sugar, 2 pounds white mustard seed and a spice bag containing 5 ounces stick cinnamon, 3 ounces cloves and 2 ounces allspice. Add vinegar to cover, bring to boiling point and simmer gently 6 hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Watermelon Pickle.

REMOVE all pink portion and pare watermelon rind. Cut 2 pounds of the rind into the desired size and shape and soak for 2½ or 3 hours in 1 quart water and 1 tablespoon lime. Drain and place in fresh water to cover and cook until tender or about one and a half hours. Let stand overnight in this water.

Mix 4 cups vinegar, 1 cup water and 5 cups sugar and add spice bag containing 1 tablespoon allspice, 1 tablespoon cloves and 2 or 3 pieces of cinnamon. Bring to boiling point and cook until it forms a syrup. Add the drained watermelon and cook gently about two hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

Grape Juice.

PICK over and wash 10 pounds Concord grapes. Cook in 2 quarts water until soft. Strain the pulp and liquid through a wet jelly bag. Reheat the juice and add 2 pounds sugar and bring to boiling point. Boil 2 minutes and seal in hot sterilized bottles. Cork and seal with paraffin.

Sweet Pickled Crabapples.

WASH 3 pounds choice crabapples, remove stems and steam until soft. Mix 1 pint mild vinegar with 1 cup sugar and add a spice bag containing ½ tablespoon cloves, ½ tablespoon allspice berries, 1 teaspoon black pepper grains and 1 teaspoon ginger. Bring to boiling point, add apples and simmer about 20 minutes. Seal in sterilized jars.

Grape Catsup.

PICK over, wash and remove stems and leaves from grapes. Put in a preserving kettle, add cold water to cover, bring to boiling point and cook gently until soft. Press through sieve, discarding seeds and skins. To 10 pounds of the grape pulp add 5 pounds sugar, 2 quarts mild vinegar, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon allspice, 1 tablespoon cloves and 1 grated nutmeg. Bring to boiling point and simmer gently until thick. Seal in sterilized bottles or jars.

Horseradish.

CAREFULLY scrub good horseradish roots. Grate and cover with distilled white vinegar and seal in sterilized bottles immediately.

Easy Cucumber Pickles.

WASH, peel and slice 4 dozen medium cucumbers. Slice 1 pint mild onions. Cover with 2 quarts boiling water and ½ cup salt and let stand 2 hours. Drain. Mix ½ cup olive or other salad oil, ¼ cup black mustard seed and cover with hot vinegar. Add to the vegetables. Seal in sterilized jars.

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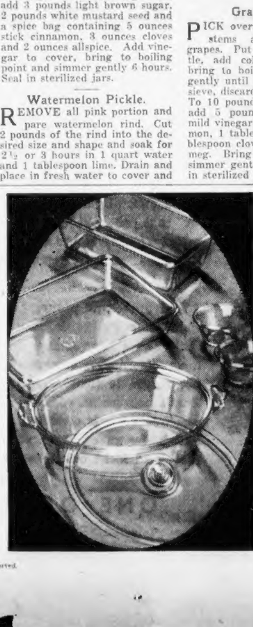
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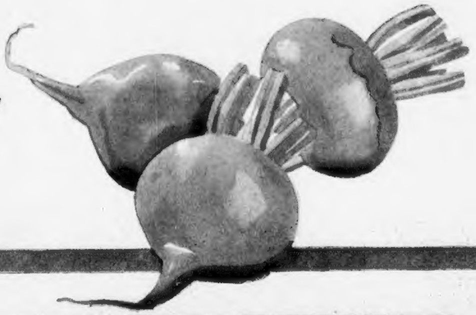

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